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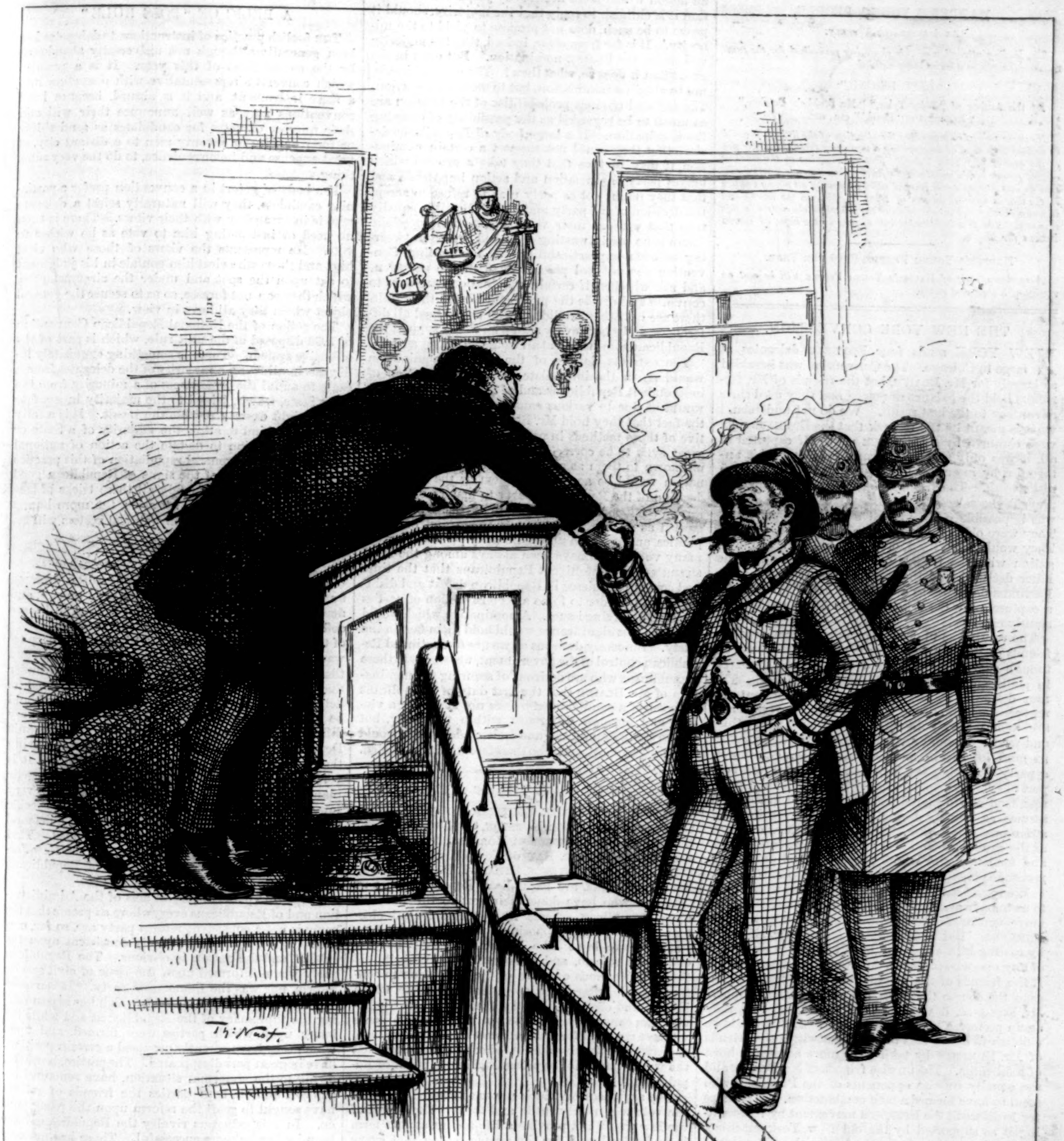

HAND IN GLOVE (POLITICAL INFLUENCE IN CRIMINAL COURTS).

A POLICEMAN'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE WHEN HE ARRESTS A FRIEND OF THE JUDGES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 3, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The leading attraction of this charming periodical for the summer months will be a serial story entitled

"LEFT BEHIND,"

By the Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," "Raising the 'Pearl,'" etc., etc.

No surer way of commanding the attention of the little folk could be devised than that of announcing a new story from the magic pen of the author of "Toby Tyler." But entertaining as the account of that young hero's wanderings with the circus people was, we venture to say that an equal interest will be taken by all young readers in the doings and adventures of Paul Weston and the merry and ingenious little street Arabs who are the principal characters in this new tale. The first installment will appear in the issue of Young People *for May* 6.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

NEW YORK sends four Edmunds delegates at large to Chicago. The Convention was heralded as largely for Mr. Blaine, but the friends of Mr. Edmunds held the balance of power, and they used their advantage to the best result. We do not understand what is meant by the remark that the Edmunds men were captured by the Arthur men. If captured at all, it was only as John Phœnix held down his antagonist, by inserting his nose between his antagonist's teeth. The friends of Mr. Arthur desired to prevent the selection of a Blaine delegation. This was impossible if they relied upon their own votes. They were obliged, therefore, to do what they could. They would have liked, of course, to divide the delegation with the friends of Mr. Edmunds. But the latter declined, and the Arthur men supported the Edmunds delegates as a choice of evils. If this was a capture, may the friends of Mr. Edmunds be constantly captured!

The result was undoubtedly a great surprise to the friends of Mr. Blaine. But it will apprise them, although sharply, of the new force that has appeared in politics, and with a controlling influence. The four delegates at large are men who represent the regenerating impulse in the Republican party. They are men whose political activities and sympathies and whose personal character commend the party to its most intelligent members and to the country as a party deserving the heartiest confidence and support of every patriotic citizen. They are men of progress, firm and declared friends of reform in the civil service as already begun, and they favor its most strenuous prosecution. They support Mr. Edmunds as the candidate who peculiarly represents this spirit and tendency, and whose proverbial and unbending rectitude gives principle and character to the canvass.

We regret sincerely the circumstances which seem to us to have arrayed many of the friends of the purer movement of the party against the candidacy of Mr. Edmunds. But the attempt to smirch Mr. Edmunds by calling him a mask of the President is unworthy of any one who professes an interest in better politics. If the friends of the President should pursue at Chicago the course that they did at Utica, and support Mr. Edmunds, it would be due to the fact that they again preferred him to Mr. Blaine. But it would be childish to assert that they had outwitted the friends of Mr. Edmunds by taking the more agreeable horn of a dilemma. The unwise friends of Mr. Blaine and the equally unwise opponents of the President, who seem to have formed a tacit combination, will perhaps try to discredit the Edmunds movement by representing it as supported by the old New York machine. But such an attempt would be fruitless in view of the fact that Messrs. Platt, John F. Smyth, Lewis Payn, and other chief and most objectionable leaders of that machine are hot for Mr. Blaine, and that both General Grant and Mr. Conkling are unfriendly to the President. The situation is summed up in the statement that the peculiarly independent, progressive, and reform element of the Republican party has made Mr. Edmunds its candidate, and that candidacy can not be injured by the fact that it divides with that of Mr. Blaine the support of the old machine, which is not strong enough to sustain a candidate of its own.

THE NOMINATION.

THE movement for the nomination of Mr. Blaine at Chicago already divides the Republican party as dangerously as that for the nomination of General Grant divided it in 1880. The Republicans who are urging his nomination can not be blind to the consequences should the nomination be made. They must see that it would be suicidal, because they know, as every Republican knows, multitudes of the most earnest and intelligent Republicans everywhere in the country who do not hesitate to say openly that they would not vote for him, while the secession of the great bulk of the Independent voters would be assured, and the grounds of this resolute and plain-spoken hostility are perfectly well known to the most ardent supporters of the Blaine nomination.

To the deep and strong Republican protest against an action which must necessarily jeopardize the election it is childish to reply that the majority, should it prove to be such, does not propose to yield to the minority. It is far from clear, indeed, that the majority will desire the Blaine nomination. But even in the event that it does so, what then? The great object is, not to obtain a nomination, but to secure an election. The fair and obvious probabilities of the election are as much to be regarded as the possibility of carrying the nomination. If a large body of Republicans declare that they could not support a certain nomination, it may be true that they take a ground which makes party organization and action impossible, and that they ought not as party men to refuse to accept the decision of the party majority. But it is equally true that without their votes success is impossible. There is no use in wasting time and breath in swearing at such impracticability. A nominating Convention should deal practically with the situation, and ask whether, if certain nominations are sure to convulse and divide the party and hazard the result, there are not other candidates who would heal all differences, and whom every man who would support the Republican nomination at all would willingly sustain.

The extreme danger of the Blaine nomination would lie in the immediate and final alienation of independent Republicans and of Independents. This would be due to various causes, and among them to the fact that they hold Mr. Blaine to be a representative of those methods in politics which are one of the great evils to be corrected, and because he is wholly unknown to them as a friend of reform. His nomination would be accepted by them as the deliberate decision of the Republican party to make Mr. Blaine its representative man. This, in turn, would be regarded as an abandonment of reform and of purer politics, and it would unquestionably persuade a great many voters who have been always among the most strenuous and intelligent Republicans that the time had come to acquiesce in Republican defeat and disintegration in order to force a reconstruction of parties upon actual living issues. A nomination which would not have this significance would hold them fast in the party. Sincerely desirous as we are of continued Republican control of the government, we submit to those Republicans who are desirous of securing the nomination of Mr. Blaine that the first duty of Republicans is to select a candidate who does not stand for a violent and hopeless difference within the party, but whom every Republican and Independent voter would willingly support, and who therefore would be elected.

THE FOUR YEARS' ACT.

Messrs. Barr, Bisbee, Boutelle, Bowen, Cannon, Culbertson, Ellwood, Funston, George, Hanback, Hepburn, Laird, Lawrence, Morrell, Nelson, Perkins, Peters, Price, Ray of New Hampshire, Rowell, Ryan, Smith, Steele, Strait, I. D. White, I. S. Wise, and York are Republican Representatives in Congress who have done their best to throw doubt upon Republican success in the Presidential election of this year by opposing the repeal of the four years' tenure law. The Republican party has declared for reform, and is honestly enforcing it. If there were serious question of the disposition to continue and to enlarge the work, the reform vote, which is large and essential, would refuse to support the Republican candidates; and the gentlemen whose names we have recorded for remembrance and reference have endeavored by their votes to foster the conviction that the work would not be prosecuted in the event of Republican success.

The argument by which it was attempted to justify the vote was utterly futile and false. The repeal of the law would not provide a life tenure, as that term is understood, and for the simple reason that every office-holder would be removable precisely as he is now. The beneficial change produced by the repeal would lie in this, that removal would not be effected as it is now by the expiration of a fixed term, but could be accomplished only by direct action of the Executive authority, for which some proper reason must be assigned. The House has decided against all the great authorities of all parties, Madison, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and against the emphatic official declaration that the law which was originally passed under the pretense of increasing the responsibility of certain accounting officers had not accomplished its purpose.

The vote was ninety-nine to one hundred and forty-six, and to their great honor it is to be said that about thirty Democrats supported the repeal against the twenty-seven recreant Republicans who opposed it. The repeal is delayed only, not defeated. If Mr. Barr and the gentlemen who alphabetically follow him in opposition suppose that the country has changed its mind upon the subject, and desires to return to the spoils system from which it is emerging, they are profoundly mistaken. As it has approved the principle that no man should be appointed except upon reasonable proof of his fitness, so it demands that no man should be removed except for reasons of unfitness. The repeal of the four years' law is a logical and substantive part of the reform, and its friends will now press it only the more steadfastly.

A RELIC OF "BOSS RULE."

THE foolish practice of instructions to delegates has been generally although not universally abandoned by the conventions of this year. It is a practice which converts a representative with discretion into a mere instrument, and it is absurd, because local conventions may as well announce their will and their number of votes for candidates as send thirty or forty or fifty or seventy men to a distant city, at great expense and inconvenience, to do the very same thing.

If a body of voters in a convention prefer a particular candidate, they will naturally select a delegate who is in sympathy with their views. There is then no need of instructing him to vote as he wishes to vote. He represents the views of those who elect him, and those who elect him confide in his judgment to act upon the spot and under the circumstances, which they can not foresee, so as to secure the general object which they all have in view.

The action of the National Republican Convention of 1880 disposed of the unit rule, which is part of the offensive system. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in allowing a majority of the delegates from a State to annul the preferences of a minority from the same State, which, joined to the majority in another State, might exactly reverse the result. It is a folly of the same kind to allow the majority of a State or district convention to dictate the action of national delegates, and the general repudiation of this practice in New York is one of the signs of Republican good sense. The more completely all these tricks of boss and machine rule can be set aside, the more honest and healthy and efficient our political system will be.

REFORM IN THE CANVASS.

THE New Jersey Republican Convention declared unequivocally for the reform of the civil service, and made the party position upon that subject still more definite. The Convention resolved "that the passage of the Federal Civil Service Act was a needed step toward the perfection of our system of government, and that the Civil Service Commission appointed under that act should be continued and encouraged, and its field of action enlarged, and that the principle should be extended to the several States." This is a very different deliverance from that of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, which amounted to saying that it was in favor of a proper civil service. It is very different also from the evasive and apologetic planks of reform in the Republican platforms a very few years ago. It is a hearty approval of a specific scheme of reform already in operation, and a demand that the scheme be strengthened and extended. That is the unmistakable party position, and the New Jersey Republicans deserve the thanks of Republicans everywhere.

Those who point to certain acts of the Administration and of Republicans everywhere as proofs that the party is not a consistent reform party are, so far, correct. It is not a party entirely consistent upon the subject, and the reason is obvious. The Republican party was not formed upon the issue of civil service reform, nor was the Democratic party. It is a question of administrative methods which has arisen during the supremacy of the Republicans, and while the issues upon which parties were formed, and upon which they have recently occupied a certain position, have in great part disappeared. The parties, however, owing to the abnormal situation, have remained organized, and in both parties the friends of reform have sought to graft the reform upon the party policy. In this generous rivalry the Republicans have been by far the more successful. There has naturally not been the same consistency of action that there would have been had the reform been an original issue of the party, like the non-extension of slavery into the Territories, but there has been a surprisingly rapid adjustment of party opinion and action to the reform.

This has been pleasantly evident in the conduct of the President, and the way in which some of the local politicians in the city of New York speak of him as having failed to "stand by the boys" should be very suggestive to the friends of reform. The Presi-

dent could easily have paralyzed the movement by appointing an unfriendly and unfit Commission, and by treating the whole subject in a purely perfunctory manner. Moreover, had he chosen to "stand by the boys," and to remove such leading officers as the Collector and Postmaster of New York, and to turn the whole service, as ANDREW JOHNSON did, into a bread-and-butter brigade, he would have been very much more cordially supported for renomination by the old machine in New York. He has indeed violated the spirit of reform in some astonishing instances, as in the removal of Mr. BURT from the Naval Office in New York. But his course, although inconsistent, has not been unfriendly, upon the whole, and has confirmed and strengthened the movement. We presume that no friend of reform would not much more readily trust the President to carry on the good work with more and more sympathy and consistency than Mr. BLAINE, for the reason that we can see what the President has done and said, and also what he has not done, while nobody knows what Mr. BLAINE's views upon the subject are, nor what his course would be. The direct or indirect support which is given to Mr. BLAINE, therefore, is unfriendly to reform.

DARK HORSES.

RUMORS of a plan "to spring" General GRANT upon the Republican Convention are in the air. But no such scheme is likely to be attempted. Certainly it would not be successful, and might lead to exceedingly disagreeable results in the Convention. It is unfair to a man whom, for his illustrious services in the war, every American respects, to suggest exposing him again to the chances of a nominating Convention, and to use his name as a cry of discord in a party which, above all things, needs in its councils harmony and good feeling.

The first and indispensable quality of a dark horse is that his name shall excite no hostility and awaken no old disputes, but be accepted at once as a harbinger of union and peace. The political significance of General GRANT'S name, of course, is not of that kind, and it would be not an olive-branch but a firebrand in the Convention. He has been identified with the conflict in the party, in which the side with which he was identified was not successful, and unhappily, and despite the great service and the renown of another kind upon which all patriotic Americans are agreed, his name in a political Convention would be the mere war-cry of a faction.

This is so well understood that the rumor to which we have alluded may be safely dismissed. It points to a highly improbable action, and one of which the good sense of the Convention would summarily dispose, should it be undertaken. Dark horses are now scanned with a great deal of curiosity and care. This scrutiny will avail, doubtless, to bar out from the course any horse which runs in any other interest than his own. To be acceptable, his name, so far as it is known, must represent no "entangling alliances," but stand for honesty, principle, and progress. These are points in any promising dark horse which are discernible the moment that he appears, and any such horse without them would run at an immense disadvantage.

A NEW VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

AN ingenious theory of the Pyramids has been recently advanced by Mr. F. COPE WHITEHOUSE, a distinguished American *savant* and explorer. In a late lecture before the New York Academy of Sciences Mr. WHITEHOUSE explained, with the aid of diagrams, photographs, and the lantern, the views which he first stated at the York meeting of the British Association in 1881.

The general theory is that the limestone hills which once filled the Nile Valley south and west of Cairo, that Mr. WHITEHOUSE has thoroughly explored, were "weathered into fantastic shapes, to which horizontal strata gave an artificial appearance and pyramidal summits. These rocks were mined like coal and salt. The inferior material was cut into blocks, lowered from above, and pushed into place to build the Pyramids."

We can not do more than mention this interesting and, upon the facts, plausible hypothesis. Mr. WHITEHOUSE rightly holds, as the *Critic* well says, that we ought not to impute folly without clear proof, and that we may safely assume the simplest methods for accomplishing great engineering works by the ancient Egyptians. Mr. WHITEHOUSE utterly rejects "the sepulchral theory," and it is pleasant to note that an American scholar now speaks upon the subject with authority.

DOUBTFUL FRIENDS.

THE Democratic papers are as friendly to Mr. BLAINE as they were to Mr. CONKLING a few years ago, and for the same reason. They represented Mr. CONKLING as by far the ablest statesman of the Republican party, a great leader, and an honest man, whom his party was stupidly deserting. The Democratic papers were, of course, exceedingly fond of the Republican party and anxious to promote its success, and yet there were cold-hearted skeptics who openly asserted that the Democrats wished the Republicans to cleave to Mr. CONKLING because of all Republicans he was the most repugnant to a large part of his party, and could be most easily beaten.

The pleasant mention of Mr. BLAINE is part of the same ostrich tactics. An article from the Utica *Herald*, stating that a campaign for Mr. BLAINE would not be a defensive campaign, is reprinted in Democratic papers with all the honors. They allege also that Mr. BLAINE could be elected as easily as Mr. EDMUNDS, and that he is really the choice of the party. But the moment that Mr. BLAINE should be nominated these papers would blaze, not with political controversy, but with a personal debate that would necessarily force every supporter of Mr. BLAINE upon the defensive, and which would not be based upon the ordinary "campaign charges."

It is useless to say that any candidate would be exposed to the same treatment. Would the warmest advocate of Mr. BLAINE's nomination seriously assert that Mr. EDMUNDS, or Mr. GRESHAM, or General HAWLEY, or Mr. LINCOLN, for instance, would be as vulnerable a candidate, or, to put it in another way, that the Democratic press would not greatly prefer the nomination of Mr. BLAINE to that of any one of the gentlemen whom we have mentioned? The friendliness of the Democratic press for Mr. BLAINE is one of the most suspicious signs of the situation, and the advocates of his nomination must bear steadily in mind both that it is not opposed merely upon grounds of personal preference, and that under no circumstances would he be supported by the Independent vote. Indeed, our respect for Mr. BLAINE's political sagacity persuades us that no one is more fully aware than he of the risk to the party of his nomination.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

No picture can recall to those who did not know him the sensitive expression of the face of Mr. APPLETON, whose portrait appears on page 289. He was in no sense a public man, except that his wise beneficence had made him one of the most noted citizens of Boston. But the wide circle of his friends were familiar in him with a genius which left no adequate fruit, and which was so subtle and charming that they could fitly change the name in the famous epitaph, and carve upon his tombstone, O rare TOM APPLETON!

The address at his funeral by the Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, although Mr. HERFORD had not long known him, was singularly felicitous in its clear and crisp portraiture of a man who devoted his life and genius and accomplishments and ample means to the cultivation of the beautiful side of life, as expressed in art and literature and society. His genius was elusive and enchanting. His *mots* were as good as those of any of the famous wits, and his sympathy kept his heart in a friendly mood toward much from which his conservative temperament held him practically aloof. He had the sturdy rectitude and honor of the gentleman, opening his liberal hand in secret, but effectively; and under the sometimes brusque manner there was a depth of sweet tenderness which was not always suspected by those whose acquaintance with him was slight.

He painted and wrote as an amateur, and neither book nor picture truly reveal, although to his friends they suggest, the man. It was in the sparkling, fresh, and original flow of his conversation that the teeming mind expressed itself. His talk was a constant play of heat lightning; a flash, a brilliancy, a force, which defied analysis, and refused to be recollected. Some of his sayings, however, are familiar, and many are full of deep and shrewd perception, and of poetic felicity. Such are his gay declaration that "America is a splendid exile for the Saxon race," meaning that it was cut off from its fond local traditions and associations, and that fine ejaculation as he watched a distant ship at Newport, "A chip with a thought in it goes round the world." Mr. APPLETON was born in Boston, and it was always his home. But he was often in Europe, and wherever he went he carried greater brilliancy to the most brilliant society, and was the finest example of the large-minded, true-hearted, and highly accomplished American, whom the friends who knew him well will always remember with fond affection.

PERSONAL.

"MY first introduction," said Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD to a friend while in this country, "to the poetry of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was in this way. One day—I was a boy then—HARTLEY COLERIDGE rushed into my room with an open book, and pointing to a poem, sat down and read it to me. When he had finished, he remarked, 'That is the finest poem in modern English.' It was Mr. BRYANT'S 'Ode to a Water-Fowl.'"

—A well-known New York landscape painter, who may be said—as COURBET once said of himself—to see nothing, but to feel everything, makes the following general criticism on Mr. HENRY IRVING: "He is usually so unnatural that when he is natural it electrifies you."

—A scientific man of prominence in this city, dressed in a Prince Albert coat, was entertaining a group of guests one night at his own house. One of them, similarly dressed, began to apologize for not having worn an evening suit. "Mrs. Blank," he explained, mentioning the host's wife, "assured me that this affair would be entirely informal." "Confound it!" angrily replied the scientific man, looking down at his own clothes; "that's just what she told me too."

—Above the desk of the literary editor of a leading New York journal is pasted the following: "The Just Rule of Criticism: 'The reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but by the greatness of their beauties.'—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*"

—Corporal TANNER has had a good many things said about him in the press, but never this—that he made the best speech of the evening at the recent banquet in aid of the Disabled Confederate Soldiers' Home.

—Miss ELLEN TERRY's impersonation of Beatrice bears a close resemblance to her impersonation of Portia, although the demands made upon these characters are in many respects diverse; but as Portia she manifests beyond all disputation that her best opportunities lie in the lighter realms of comedy and in pantomime. When, for instance, she wagers, "I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two," and jauntily places her hands upon her hips, the house comes down at once. So, also, at the end of the fourth act, when she says merrily to Bassanio, "Well, peace be with you," and tosses her right foot as if in a Knickerbocker waltz.

—It has been said of New York authors that until the establishment of The Authors' Club they were not in the habit of addressing one another by their surnames, as is the case in other civilized countries. They had no means of becoming mutually acquainted.

—A lawyer of this city, whose fine personality is prized by those who know it, was lighting his cigar the other evening after a comfortable little dinner with a friend. "My dear boy," he said, tossing the still burning match into the cuspidor, "ten years ago, in my college days, while bidding a young lady good-night at the front door of her father's house, I took the liberty of pulling out a cigar and asking her permission to light it. She promptly replied, in the kindest of her prettiest tones: 'The flavor is delightful. Would you mind puffing that cigar in the parlor a few times before you leave? I desire some proof that a man has been here, and it is the only evidence I have.'"

—Mr. HARRISON PHŒBUS, the popular host of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, is a remarkable depositary of "darky" stories and folk-lore. When asked by a friend how he had gained his intimate and accurate knowledge, he replied, "My little daughter once had a long illness, during which, for her amusement, I read to her every book on the subject I could find, and retailed to her every story I could get anybody to tell me, going over and over the ground till I knew them all by heart."

—Several New-Yorkers, who live in a charming suburban resort, propose to assist themselves, their young wives, and some of their young wives' friends, one evening a fortnight, by establishing a club, whose members shall be limited to twenty-five, and whose business shall be to create an opportunity, not for essay-reading or instructive conversation, but solely for terpsichorean festivities of a simple and modest sort, designed to combine in just proportion the advantages of mental rest and physical exercise. There is a growing feeling among New-Yorkers whose homes are outside of the city that social stagnation is not therefore a necessity.

—The Rev. Dr. NICHOLSON recently declined to give up the rectorship of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, to become Bishop of Indiana, because he did not wish to abandon the earnest work he was engaged in. The results of that work can now be seen. Fifty-seven persons were confirmed at St. Mark's on Easter-eve, and on Easter-Sunday 760 communicants were present.

—Miss ALLEGRA EGGLESTON has made wood-carving a specialty because she finds in the color and the texture of various kinds of wood opportunities for artistic expression which no other medium affords, and for which she has a lively sympathy. When, for instance, she carves in mahogany a figure of a man, woman, or child, historical, contemporaneous, or mythical—and it is for figure-work rather than for the usual conventionalized flower and leaf ornament that she cares—the results possess a quality which could have been obtained in no other way, and which, for that reason, give to the artist exquisite satisfaction.

—One of the most successful of American novelists was troubled by periodic attacks of insomnia so severe that life seemed not worth his living. He travelled to Europe, and got worse. He searched elsewhere for rest, but could not find it. Finally he built a house on the banks of Lake George, and at once got better. He resolved to live there the year round. He is all right now.

—In his historical sketch of English labor, Mr. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS has difficulty in finding terms of hatred expressive enough in dealing with King HENRY VIII. "He was a monarch who ruled over his nobles like a king over Dahomey: the combination of a blood-thirsty tyrant and a thimble-rigger who can be admired only by a lover of paradoxes."

—Congressman O'HARA, the colored member from North Carolina, is a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer by profession. He lives in good style, and has a white tutor for his four children.

—A German critic, Dr. PAULI, has ascertained that SHAKESPEARE displays a special fondness for King HENRY V., "for whom he feels the sympathy which springs from congenial natures. He regards him as a star of the first magnitude, shining calmly above the ups and downs of this troubled world."

—From a recently published letter by CHARLES LAMB: "As for conscience, she and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true.... By-the-way, is magnesia good on these occasions? I have never studied grace. I regard it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal position, or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity), I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night. N.B.—What is good for a desperate headache?"

—Twenty years ago MANSEL's *Limits of Religious Thought*, in which the author attempted to show that the nature of God is unknowable, created a good deal of interest and discussion. It now appears that the late Rev. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, a great luminary of that day, disliked the book exceedingly. He thought (says his son) that it was injurious to Christianity to be continually arguing for its right to exist. Such an apology as Mr. MANSEL's seemed to him the most utterly destructive assault upon Christianity that he could conceive, for it defended any amount of apparent injustice in God's dealings with men.

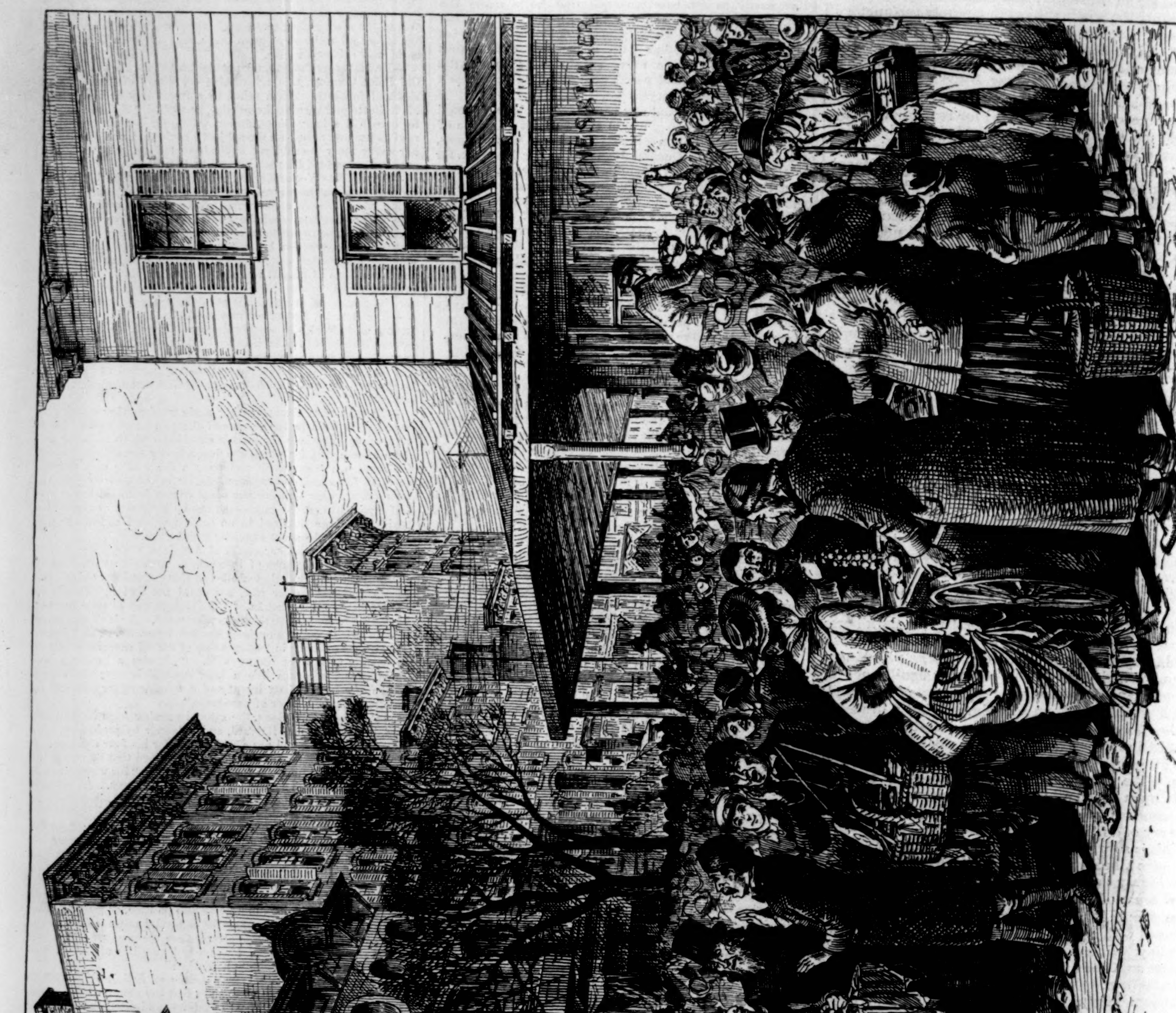
—SIMS REEVES was obliged to postpone a ballad concert at Chester, England, on account of the death of Prince LEOPOLD. Twenty-three years before he was announced to give, with JENNY LIND and others, a concert in that same hall. On the eve of the performance, ALBERT, the Prince Consort, died, but there was no postponement. The programme was modified, making it a "sacred" concert, and all the singers appeared dressed in mourning.

—The *Electrical Review*, of New York, has gained the editorship of Mr. WILLIAM A. HOVEY, long and widely known in connection with the Boston *Transcript*, and as President of the Merchants' Electric Light and Power Company.

—Our esteemed contemporary the Philadelphia *North American* has passed into the hands of Mr. WATSON R. SPERRY, formerly managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and more recently editor-in-chief of the Wilmington (Delaware) *Morning News*. Mr. SPERRY is a graduate of Yale, a reform Republican by conviction, and a trained journalist who knows news when he sees it, and who can comment upon it with force and judgment. We congratulate the readers of the *North American*.

—The Duke of Albany lived to be older than the majority of English princes. OCTAVIUS and ALFRED, sons of GEORGE III., died at the respective ages of four and two. Of ANNE's seventeen children only one survived infancy, and he died at the age of eleven. ANNE and her sister MARY were the only ones of the eight children of JAMES II., by his first wife, who lived through childhood. By his second wife JAMES II. had six children, and they all died in infancy except the Pretender and MARIA LOUISA, and the latter died at twenty. Of CHARLES I.'s eight children, six died young. Nor were the fates kinder in this respect to the TUDORS or the PLANTAGENETS than to the STUARTS.

—Mr. WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP is not only a picturesque writer, but an artist, both practically and ideally. He can use his pencil with delightful skill, and some of his water-color sketches of Mexican life are full of the aroma of the reality. We are not surprised, therefore, to note that the London *Athenæum* reviews his *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces* with enthusiasm to the extent of several columns, and that it gives an appropriate word of acknowledgment to "the liberal and, indeed, profuse supply of illustrations, which are all to the purpose." Mr. BISHOP, it thinks, "describes pleasantly and well," depicting "with equal skill not only the salient characteristics of life and manners, but also the natural features," and taking, meanwhile, "a comprehensive view of the traveller's duties. He has a shrewd and interesting analysis of the causes which underlie the actual condition, social and political, of Mexico." This is true. Anybody who is interested in that country, officially or personally, in a business way or for literary reasons, will find Mr. BISHOP's charming book a necessity.



A POLISH TRADING POST IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 283.]

"HERE THEY COME!"—From the Painting by Thomas Blinks.

THE "ALERT'S" MISSION.

The Stars and Stripes are at the peak;
The south winds softly blow;
Determined men sail forth to seek
Brave men 'mid frost and snow.
Now clear the deck; make all things trim!
The pack, with deadly grip,
Awaits the prey with terrors grim—
God guide thy course, good ship!

Thy frame is firm as rock, and long
In England's forests grew;
Beneath, thine own proud heart beats strong,
And pants for conquests new.
Now double-sheathe thine oaken beams;
Off every weakness strip;
Wake like a giant from thy dreams—
God gird thy strength, good ship!

Thy course is not to tropic seas,
Where thou hast bathed thy wings;
Forget the luxury of ease
That endless summer brings.
Awake! Remember Floeberg Beach,
The long night, chill and dark;
Think of the horrors thou didst reach—
God add new fame, good bark!

A glory such as oft we see
Humanity doth gain:
Then gather all thy might to thee,
To plough the ice-bound main.
Thou shalt not strive in every wave
Unnamed thy bows to dip,
But precious lives to find and save—
God crown thy search, good ship!

Thou bearest forth all nations' prayers:
Thyself art gift of love:
Old England proves the zeal she bears—
A zeal our hearts to move.
Britons the horseshoe nailed of yore
Upon thy bowsprit's tip:
The brave tar trusts the pledge it bore—
God bless the sign, good ship!

As once Sir George's flag was wreathed
And tossed by arctic blast,
"*Dum spiro spero*" still it breathed
From hummock and from mast.
That conquering motto now be thine
On all thy dangerous trip;
Its light in blackest tempest shine—
God bless thy voyage, good ship!

S. J. Douglass.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.
THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XL.

CONSULTING.

Out of the music-room, and away from his violin, the sound side of Mr. Wyvil's character was free to assert itself. In his public and in his private capacity he was an eminently sensible man.

As a Member of Parliament, he set an example which might have been followed with advantage by many of his colleagues. In the first place, he abstained from hastening the downfall of representative institutions by asking questions and making speeches. In the second place, he was able to distinguish between the duty that he owed to his party and the duty that he owed to his country. When the legislature acted politically—that is to say, when it dealt with foreign complications, or electoral reforms—he followed his leader. When the legislature acted socially—that is to say, for the good of the people—he followed his conscience. On the last occasion when the great Russian bugbear provoked a division, he voted submissively with his Conservative allies. But when the question of opening museums and picture-galleries on Sundays arrayed the two parties in hostile camps, he broke into open mutiny, and went over to the Liberals. He consented to help in preventing an extension of the franchise; but he refused to be concerned in obstructing the repeal of taxes on knowledge. "I am doubtful in the first case," he said, "but I am sure in the second." He was asked for an explanation: "Doubtful of what? and sure of what?" To the astonishment of his leader he answered, "The benefit to the people." The same sound sense appeared in the transactions of his private life. Lazy and dishonest servants found that the gentlest of masters had a side to his character which took them by surprise. And, on certain occasions in the experience of Cecilia and her sister, the most indulgent of fathers proved to be as capable of saying No as the sternest tyrant who ever ruled a fireside.

Called into council by his daughter and his guest, Mr. Wyvil assisted them by advice which was equally wise and kind, but which afterward led, under the perverse influence of circumstances, to deplorable results.

The letter to Emily which Cecilia had recommended to her father's consideration had come from Netherwoods, and had been written by Alban Morris.

He assured Emily that he had only decided on writing to her, after some hesitation, in hope of serving interests which he did not himself understand, but which might prove to be interests worthy of consideration, nevertheless. Having stated his motive in these terms, he proceeded to relate what had passed between Miss Jethro and himself, concealing, for obvious reasons, the farewell words in which she had so strangely alluded to the memory of Emily's father. On the subject of Francine, Alban only ventured to add that she had not produced a favorable impression on him, and that he could not think her likely, on further experience, to prove a desirable friend.

On the last leaf were added some lines which Emily was at no loss how to answer. She had folded back the page, so that no eyes but her own should see how the poor drawing master finished his letter. "I wish you all possible happiness, my dear, among your new friends; but don't forget the old friend who thinks of you, and dreams of you, and longs to see you again. The little world I live in is a dreary world, Emily, in your absence. Will you write to me now and then, and encourage me to hope?"

Mr. Wyvil smiled as he looked at the folded page which hid the signature.

"I suppose I may take it for granted," he said, slyly, "that this gentleman really has your interests at heart? May I know who he is?"

Emily answered the last question readily enough. Mr. Wyvil went on with his inquiries. "About the mysterious lady with the strange name," he proceeded—"do you know anything of her?"

Emily related what she knew, without revealing the true reason for Miss Jethro's departure from Netherwoods. In after-years it was one of her most treasured remembrances that she had kept secret the melancholy confession which had startled her on the last night of her life at school.

Mr. Wyvil looked at Alban's letter again. "Do you know how Miss Jethro became acquainted with Mr. Mirabel?" he asked.

"I didn't even know that they were acquainted."

"Do you think it likely, if Mr. Morris had been talking to you instead of writing to you, that he might have said more than he has said in his letter?"

Cecilia had hitherto remained a model of discretion. Seeing Emily hesitate, temptation overcame her. "Not a doubt of it, papa," she declared, confidently.

"Is Cecilia right?" Mr. Wyvil inquired.

Reminded in this way of her influence over Alban, Emily could only make one honest reply. She admitted that Cecilia was right.

Mr. Wyvil thereupon advised her not to express any opinion until she was in a better position to judge for herself. "When you write to Mr. Morris," he continued, "say that you will wait to tell him what you think of Miss Jethro until you see him again."

"I have no prospect at present of seeing him again," Emily said.

"You can see Mr. Morris whenever it suits him to come here," Mr. Wyvil replied. "I will write and ask him to visit us, and you can inclose the invitation in your letter."

"Oh, Mr. Wyvil, how good of you!"

"Oh, papa, the very thing I was going to ask you to do!"

The excellent master of Monksmoor looked unaffectedly surprised. "What are you two young ladies making a fuss about?" he said. "Mr. Morris is a gentleman by profession, and—may I venture to say it, Miss Emily?—a valued friend of yours as well. Who has a better claim to be one of my guests?"

Cecilia stopped her father as he was about to leave the room. "I suppose we mustn't ask Mr. Mirabel what he knows of Miss Jethro?" she said.

"My dear, what can you be thinking of? What right have we to question Mr. Mirabel about Miss Jethro?"

"It's so very unsatisfactory, papa. There must be some reason why Emily and Mr. Mirabel ought not to meet, or why should Miss Jethro have been so very earnest about it?"

"Miss Jethro doesn't intend us to know why, Cecilia. It will perhaps come out in time. Wait for time."

Left together, the girls discussed the course which Alban would probably take on receiving Mr. Wyvil's invitation.

"He will only be too glad," Cecilia asserted, "to have the opportunity of seeing you again."

"I doubt whether he will care about seeing me again among strangers," Emily replied. "And you forget that there are obstacles in his way. How is he to leave his class?"

"Quite easily. His class doesn't meet on the Saturday half-holiday. He can be here if he starts early, in time for luncheon, and he can stay till Monday or Tuesday."

"Who is to take his place at the school?"

"Miss Ladd, to be sure—if *you* make a point of it. Write to her as well as to Mr. Morris."

The letters being written, and the order having been given to prepare a room for the expected guest, Emily and Cecilia returned to the drawing-room. They found the elders of the party variously engaged, the men with newspapers, and the ladies with work. Entering the conservatory next, they discovered Cecilia's sister languishing among the flowers in an easy-chair. Constitutional laziness in some young ladies assumes an invalid character, and presents the interesting spectacle of perpetual convalescence. The doctor declared that the baths at St. Moritz had cured Miss Julia. Miss Julia declined to agree with the doctor.

"Come into the garden with Emily and me," Cecila said.

"Emily and you don't know what it is to be ill," Julia answered.

The two girls left her, and joined the young people who were amusing themselves in the garden. Francine had taken possession of Mirabel, and had condemned him to hard labor in swinging her. He made an attempt to get away when Emily and Cecilia approached, and was peremptorily recalled to his duty. "Higher!" cried Miss De Sor, in her hardest tones of authority. "I want to swing higher than anybody else." Mirabel submitted with gentleman-like resignation, and was rewarded by tender encouragement expressed in a look.

"Do you see that?" Cecilia whispered. "He knows how rich she is. I wonder whether he will marry her?"

Emily smiled. "I doubt it, while he is in this house," she said. "You are as rich as Francine—and don't forget that you have other attractions as well."

Cecilia shook her head. "Mr. Mirabel is very nice," she admitted, "but I wouldn't marry him. Would you?"

Emily secretly compared Alban with Mirabel. "Not for the world," she answered.

The next day was the day of Mirabel's departure. His admirers among the ladies followed him out to the door, at which Mr. Wyvil's carriage was waiting. Francine threw a nosegay after the departing guest as he got in. "Mind you come back to us on Monday," she said. Mirabel bowed and thanked her; but his last look was for Emily, standing apart from the others at the top of the steps. Francine said nothing. Her lips closed convulsively; she turned suddenly pale.

CHAPTER XLI.

SPEECHIFYING.

On the Monday a ploughboy from Vale Regis arrived at Monksmoor.

In respect of himself, he was a person beneath notice; in respect of his errand, he was sufficiently important to cast a gloom over the household. The faithless Mirabel had broken his engagement, and the ploughboy was the herald of misfortune who brought his apology. To his great disappointment, he wrote, he was detained by the affairs of his parish. He could only trust to Mr. Wyvil's indulgence to excuse him, and to communicate his sincere sense of regret (on scented note-paper) to the ladies.

Everybody believed in the affairs of the parish, with the exception of Francine. "Mr. Mirabel has made the best excuse he could think of for shortening his visit; and I don't wonder at it," she said, looking significantly at Emily.

Emily was playing with one of the dogs; exercising him in the tricks which he had learned. She balanced a morsel of sugar on his nose, and had no attention to spare for Francine.

Cecilia, as the mistress of the house, felt it her duty to interfere. "That is a strange remark to make," she answered. "Do you mean to say that we have driven Mr. Mirabel away from us?"

"I accuse nobody," Francine began, with spiteful candor.

"Now she's going to accuse everybody!" Emily interposed, addressing herself facetiously to the dog.

"But when girls are bent on fascinating men, whether they like it or not," Francine proceeded, "men have only one alternative—they must keep out of the way." She looked again at Emily more pointedly than ever.

Even gentle Cecilia resented this. "Whom do you refer to?" she said, sharply.

"My dear," Emily remonstrated, "need you ask?" She glanced at Francine as she spoke, and then gave the dog his signal. He tossed up the sugar and caught it in his mouth. His audience applauded him—and so for that time the skirmish ended.

Among the letters of the next morning's delivery arrived Alban's reply. Emily's anticipations proved to be correct. The drawing master's duties would not permit him to leave Netherwoods; and he, like Mirabel, sent his apologies. His short letter to Emily contained no further allusion to Miss Jethro: it began and ended on the first page.

Had he been disappointed by the tone of reserve in which Emily had written to him, under Mr. Wyvil's advice? Or (as Cecilia suggested) had his detention at the school so bitterly disappointed him that he was too disheartened to write at any length? Emily made no attempt to arrive at a conclusion either one way or the other. She seemed to be in depressed spirits; and she spoke superstitiously, for the first time in Cecilia's experience of her.

"I don't like this re-appearance of Miss Jethro," she said. "If the mystery about that woman is ever cleared up, it will bring trouble and sorrow to me—and I believe in his own secret heart Alban Morris thinks so too."

"Write and ask him," Cecilia suggested.

"He is so kind, and so unwilling to distress me," Emily answered, "that he wouldn't acknowledge it even if I am right."

In the middle of the week the course of private life at Monksmoor suffered an interruption, due to the parliamentary position of the master of the house.

The insatiable appetite for making and hearing speeches, which represents one of the marked peculiarities of the English race (including their cousins in the United States), had seized on Mr. Wyvil's constituents. There was to be a political meeting at the market hall in the neighboring town, and the member was expected to make an oration, passing in review contemporary events at home and abroad. "Pray don't think of accompanying me," the good man said to his guests. "The hall is badly ventilated, and the speeches, including my own, will not be worth hearing."

This humane warning was ungratefully disregarded. The gentlemen were all interested in "the objects of the meeting," and the ladies were firm in the resolution not to be left at home by themselves. They dressed with a view to the large assembly of spectators before whom they were about to appear, and they outtalked the men on political subjects all the way to the town.

The most delightful of surprises was in store for them when they reached the market hall. Among the crowd of ordinary gentlemen waiting under the portico until the proceedings began appeared one person of distinction, whose title was "Reverend," and whose name was Mirabel.

Francine was the first to discover him. She darted up the steps, and held out her hand.

"This *is* a pleasure!" she cried. "Have you come here to see—" she was about to say me, but observing the strangers round her, altered the word to us. "Please give me your arm," she whispered, before her young friends had arrived within hearing, "I am so frightened in a crowd!"

She held fast by Mirabel, and kept a jealous watch on him. Was it only her fancy, or did she detect a new charm in his smile when he spoke to Emily?

Before it was possible to decide, the time for the meeting had arrived. Mr. Wyvil's friends were of course accommodated with seats on the platform. Francine, still insisting on her claim to Mirabel's arm, got a chair next to him. As she seated herself, she left him free for a moment. In that moment the infatuated man took an empty chair on the other side of him and placed it for Emily. He communicated to that hated rival the information which he ought to have reserved for Francine. "The committee insist," he said, "on my proposing one of the resolutions. I promise not to bore you; mine shall be the shortest speech delivered at the meeting."

The proceedings began.

Among the earlier speakers not one was inspired by a feeling of mercy for the audience. The chairman revelled in words. The mover and seconder of the first resolution (not having so much as the ghost of an idea to trouble either of them) poured out language in flowing and overflowing streams, like water from a perpetual spring. The heat exhaled by the crowded audience was already becoming insufferable. Cries of "Sit down!" assailed the orator of the moment. The chairman was obliged to interfere. A man at the back of the hall roared out "Ventilation!" and broke a window with his stick. He was rewarded with three rounds of cheers, and was ironically invited to mount the platform and take the chair.

Under these embarrassing circumstances, Mirabel rose to speak.

He secured silence, at the outset, by a humorous allusion to the prolix speaker who had preceded him. "Look at the clock, gentlemen," he said, "and limit my speech to an interval of ten minutes." The applause which followed was heard, through the broken window, in the street. The boys among the mob outside intercepted the flow of air by climbing on each other's shoulders, and looking in at the meeting through the gaps left by the shattered glass. Having proposed his resolution with discreet brevity of speech, Mirabel courted popularity on the plan adopted by the late Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons—he told stories, and made jokes, adapted to the intelligence of the dullest people who were listening to him. The charm of his voice and manner completed his success. Punctually at the tenth minute he sat down, amid cries of "Go on." Francine was the first to take his hand, and to express admiration mutely by pressing it. He returned the pressure, but he looked at the wrong lady—the lady on the other side.

Although she made no complaint, he instantly saw that Emily was overcome by the heat. Her lips were white, and her eyes were closing. "Let me take you out," he said, "or you will faint."

Francine started to her feet to follow them. The lower order of the audience, eager for amusement, put their own humorous construction on the young lady's action. They roared with laughter. "Let the parson and his sweetheart be," they called out; "two's company, miss, and three isn't." Mr. Wyvil interposed his authority, and rebuked them. A lady seated behind Francine interfered to good purpose by giving her a chair which placed her out of sight of the audience. Order was restored, and the proceedings were resumed.

When the meeting was over, and they met again at the door, Mr. Wyvil innocently added fuel to the fire that was burning in Francine. He insisted that Mirabel should return to Monksmoor, and offered him a seat in the carriage at Emily's side.

Later in the evening, when they all met at dinner, there appeared a change in Miss De Sor which surprised everybody but Mirabel. She was gay and good-humored, and especially amiable and attentive to Emily, who sat opposite to her at the table. "What did you and Mr. Mirabel talk about while you were away from us?" she asked, innocently. "Politics?"

Emily readily adopted Francine's friendly tone. "Guess again!" she said, gayly.

"I can only guess that you had the most delightful of companions," Francine rejoined; "and I wish I had been overcome by the heat too!"

Mirabel—attentively observing her—acknowledged the compliment by a bow, and left Emily to continue the conversation. In perfect good faith she owned to having led Mirabel to talk of himself. She had heard from Cecilia that his early life had been devoted to various occupations, and she was interested in knowing how circumstances had led him into devoting himself to the Church. Francine listened with the outward appearance of implicit belief, and with the inward conviction that Emily was deliberately deceiving her. When the little narrative was at an end, she was more agreeable than ever. She admired Emily's dress, and she rivalled Cecilia in enjoyment of the good things on the table; she entertained Mirabel with humorous anecdotes of the priests at San Domingo, and was so interested in the manufacture of violins, ancient and modern, that Mr. Wyvil promised to show her his famous collection of instruments, after dinner. Her overflowing amiability included even poor Miss Darnaway, and the absent brothers and sisters. She

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

heard, with flattering sympathy, how they had been ill, and had got well again; what amusing tricks they played, and what alarming accidents had happened to them, and how remarkably clever they were—"including, I do assure you, dear Miss De Sor, the baby only ten months old." When the ladies rose to retire, Francine was, socially speaking, the heroine of the evening.

While the violins were in course of exhibition, Mirabel found an opportunity of speaking to Emily unobserved.

"Have you said or done anything to offend Miss De Sor?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever," Emily declared, startled by the question. "What makes you think I have offended her?"

"I have been trying to find a reason for the change in her," Mirabel answered, "especially the change toward yourself."

"Well?"

"Well—she means mischief."

"Mischief of what sort?"

"Of a sort which may expose her to discovery, unless she disarms suspicion at the outset. That is exactly what she has been doing this evening. She has impressed us all favorably, and she has been particularly friendly toward you—with what object you now know. I needn't warn you to be on your guard."

All the next day Emily was on the watch for events, and nothing happened. Not the slightest appearance of jealousy betrayed itself in Francine. She made no attempt to attract to herself the attentions of Mirabel; and she showed no hostility to Emily, either by word, look, or manner.

The day after, an event occurred at Netherwoods. Alban Morris received an anonymous letter addressed to him in these terms:

"A certain young lady, in whom you are supposed to be interested, is forgetting you in your absence. If you are not mean enough to allow yourself to be supplanted by another man, join the party at Monksmoor before it is too late."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NILE IN FLOOD.

The Nile is in flood! And how different is the glad welcome given to the news from the feelings with which the people of any other land hear that their chief river threatens an inundation! But this is no criminal, murderous flood such as I have seen on the Indian Ganges, on the American Mississippi, carrying away hamlets by the score, and washing down with the ruins of the villages the corpses of the villagers. It is a message of joy that comes up from the south, past Philæ and the island of flowers, to Syene among its ruins. The Nile is in flood! and pouring out, as it goes, on either bank the promise of abundant harvests. Past the city of Apollo, monument of a dead worship, to colossal Thebes dreaming among its sand-swept palaces of a royal grandeur that is fallen and gone, to Dendera buried among its palms, but still mindful, in a single temple, of old priestly splendors, and so on into lower Egypt, and past the stately piles of Memphis—that contest, even in their ruins, supremacy with Thebes—into the Delta. Throughout its course we mark the quickening influence of the advancing flood. In spite of the rumors of war, with fear of change perplexing monarchs, the crier went his round, announcing in a quaint chant the daily rise of the water, and close behind him came the priests, ever ready to reap advantage from popular enthusiasm, whether in grief or gladness.

When the register has marked a rise of twenty feet, the crier proclaimed the "completion," and the priests again took toll for "the abundance"; and then the dams of all the reservoirs were cut, and the water released over the fields. The ceremony is a quaint one, for in the gap stands a pillar of mud, "the bride of the flood," and as the water rushes through, it is whirled away amid the shouts of the spectators. With a firing of guns and music and merry-making the day closes, and the people disperse, assured of their harvest. At the autumnal equinox the flood would be at its height, and in two months' time the crier would go round again, for the inundation had ceased, and in sign thereof leave at each door a lump of dry Nile mud.

Long before this the peasants have been afield, scattering their grain on the soaking ground, and in the villages among the date-palms there have been no loiterers for many a day. For, British army or no, the precious water has to be guided to the farthest limits of the fields, and little banks to retain it have to be built round the patches into which the broad levels of cotton and mustard and sugar-cane are divided. The "shadoof" has to be made for raising the water from the wells in which it will be stored, and the ground has to be broken up to receive the artificial flood. So, between the relaxations of war, the fellah has plenty of work to occupy his hands.

And for what strange crops are they preparing! Here, next the rose garden—for Egypt manufactures much rose-water—will stand a field of hemp, not grown for rope, but for the dreadful poison of its leaves. Civilized governments such as that of India make the preparation—"hashish," "bhang," or "ganja"—penal; but here in poor Egypt the peasant is at liberty to compound the awful drug. Here will be poppy, and next to it castor-oil, separated, perhaps, by a strip of henna from a field of tobacco or of saffron. The vast proportion of the crops will, of course, be cotton and millet—for bread is with the Egyptians, even more than with any other people, the first staple of food—wheat, barley, and maize; but a large area will as certainly be devoted to pulses, lentils, and beans. To their choice of vegetables the climate puts as few restrictions as in America, for, besides all that are found in European fields, the Egyptians grow those of Oriental countries, chilis, cucumbers, tomatoes, the egg-plant, brinjalls, bindies, banyans, mallows, and a score of others that have no English name that I know of. But whatever the crop, the scene is the same everywhere—an agricultural people hailing with delight the relief from a long suspense, and beginning to busy itself about the great event of their year—the harvest of the Nile-flooded lands.

A POLISH TRADING POST IN NEW YORK.

It is speaking within bounds to say that Poland is the centre of petty barter and trade. Even a smart Yankee peddler might find himself outwitted there. From Poland the system has gradually extended by means of what may be termed a gradually growing circle of Polish trading posts. And now one of these posts has been established in New York.

To the majority of that class of Poles which immigrate here daily barter and trade in a petty way is as necessary as daily bread. A youngster who gets the better of a companion in a mercantile transaction is looked upon as the flower of the family, with a promising future. When he grows up he will probably have the pick of all the Rachels and Rebekahs in the settlement.

The Polish settlement in this city soon began to devise means to gratify this innate love of barter. Those of its members who were of the right age strapped heavy baskets on their backs and started off on peddling expeditions, returning now and then to replenish their stock, and warm their parents' hearts with tales of successful bargains and instances of the triumph of Semitic persuasive powers over Christian parsimony. But these peddling *sorties* did not satisfy the mercantile desires of the young and the old who were left at home. They were not long, however, in devising the means of gratifying their tastes. They went boldly to work and established an open-air market where competition is the keenest, and success a worthy achievement, for at this market Pole meets Pole.

This trading place is situated in Hester Street, and runs from Eldridge Street a block or two east. Very many of our readers probably will not be able to identify the locality, for it lies in that vast unexplored region bounded by the Bowery on the west and the East River on the east. An open-air market is against police regulations, but it is not against police traditions to wink at many violations of police regulations, and in this case at least the winking does no harm. The market is liveliest of a Friday afternoon. By two o'clock the street is lined with booths and stands, from which may be bought combs, brushes, ties of brilliant hue, chromos, second-hand clothes, fish which are proclaimed as "fresh fish" by the vender, though they look, like the clothes, second-hand—in short, every article except soap. When that is sold at the Hester Street Polish market look out for Macaulay's New-Zealander in London.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

NIGHT AIR.

For the very young and for the old there is each a specially dangerous season of the year. The aged die during the coldest days of winter; infants, during the hottest of summer. The death rate in either case follows the thermometer very closely.

We can mitigate winter's rage, but not summer's heat. Rich and poor must suffer the latter equally, or with such difference only as comes from the better surroundings that the rich may command. But there is, at least in all sea-board cities, one alleviation to the summer heat which is not known or practiced as widely as it should be. In our sea-board towns we generally have nights that are comparatively cool. Five or six times a week, during the hottest weeks of the season, one can generally sleep, because the night air is from five to twenty degrees cooler than that of the day. Now this coolness of the night may often be utilized, and yet not one housekeeper in fifty gets the full benefit of this refreshing night air.

In what way is this benefit to be had? By storing up the coolness of the night air to mitigate the heat of the following day. This is not always possible to be done. It is not possible in crowded apartments or houses, nor in small isolated houses, and it is true that the former in cities, and the latter in the country, form the majority of the inhabited dwellings. But there are both in city and country a considerable number of people who have a large air space in their houses—who have apartments, I mean, that are large in proportion to the number of their occupants. These people, even though their houses may not be large, yet have sufficient space to store up the cooler night air and have enough to breathe during the following day, if they will put in practice the plan I will describe.

It is this. Open the windows during the night, and cool down the house as nearly as possible, inside and out, to the temperature of the night air. At sunrise close all the southern windows, and protect them with shades. Leave the northern windows slightly open at the top for ventilation, and keep the doors shut. In this way you shut in the cool night air, and if you can shut in enough of it you will keep your house cool all day. In an ordinary city house, for instance, I have seen the thermometer standing at 75° when it was 90° in the next neighbor's house.

But as to ventilation. It must be clearly understood and clearly said that really pure air is always the first desideratum. It is more important than cool air in summer, or even (within limits) than warm air in winter. And the plan that I have described is not practicable, or is only partially practicable, when the air space is not ample, *i.e.*, when more than one or two persons are to occupy a good-sized room during the day. In an apartment or a house that is at all crowded this use of the night air is entirely out of the question, because without ample ventilation the air would soon become impure from the carbonic acid of respiration; and to procure ventilation we must perforce let in hot air: it is the lesser evil. But even in this case there is a choice as to where the air should be admitted. The windows toward the sun should be closed when possible; and, when possible, the windows away from the sun should be opened.

But after making full deduction in favor of complete ventilation, there remain many houses, both in city and country, in which it is not only safe, but desirable and healthful, to store up the cool night air for the use of the following day. Such are most of the mansions in country or city which are occupied by but few persons, and particularly houses built of stone or brick. In such houses the night air, with moderate ventilation from the north side, as I have described it, is amply sufficient. Such, too, are the larger clubhouses in our cities. Many of these are spacious and solidly constructed buildings, little frequented during the day; they could be cooled every night by letting in the night air. They would be delightfully cool all the next day. But this requires a foresight and a care that is not often given to any house but one's own, and not often, as I have said, even then.

A small country house, standing alone, is exposed on five of its six faces (if I may count the foundation as a face) to the summer sun, *i. e.*, on its four sides and on its roof; it is consequently soon warmed through, and the plan I am describing will not answer for it. But in the city the greater part of the buildings are exposed only on three faces—front, rear, and roof; and an ordinary three or four story building can be kept as cool as a cucumber, comparatively speaking, by the method that I have described.

I shall never forget the impression of comfort made on me by a house in Twenty-eighth Street, in which the housekeeper had long defied the torments of our summer heat by means of this simple method. It is a house of the size I have just mentioned, inhabited by four people only, one of them a veteran housekeeper, and the healthiest of old ladies. She found, as I have found, and as you will find when you try it, that there was a strong prejudice against this method, and that people who had made up their minds against fresh night air were generally not to be convinced. "The gods themselves can not contend against stupidity."

In practice I have found but one objection to the fresh night ventilation, and this I ought in fairness to mention. The objection is *burglars*. I myself once let in a burglar along with the night air by opening the lower windows of an English basement house; after that I opened the upper windows only. All American houses are entered, sooner or later, by burglars; but we must do our best to exclude them, and by more imperative ounces of prevention on occasion than those that we are considering. But that can usually be done without compromising our use of the night air.

Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An almost pitiful story of life in the White House is told in a Washington letter. It seems that the cramped conditions under which the President and his small family live are such as well-to-do persons seldom fall in with, unless they go "slumming." We are told that only six rooms are at the service of the family, a dining-room and five chambers. The members of the household can not go to dinner without passing through a part of the building which is usually filled with tourists. A sitting-room for the ladies is made by setting a screen across the end of a corridor. The President's little daughter must take her music lesson in a sleeping-room, or go out of the White House for it. The President himself can find no better place than the hall leading to the conservatory in which to smoke a cigar with a friend. He has made a dressing-room for himself by partitioning off part of a hallway. He can not give a friend shelter overnight without sending some member of his family away. The President, we are informed, is in favor of building an Executive Mansion not far away, and of giving up the struggle to prevent the clerks from taking entire possession of the White House.

At a recent meeting of the Harvard Club in this city the question of substituting the English for the Latin as the official language of the university was discussed. One of the speakers said that the Latin of the diplomas was "a barbarous jargon." In opposition to the proposed substitution it may be urged that the change would put many graduates in the embarrassing position of being very imperfectly acquainted with the official tongue of their *alma mater*.

An Onondaga County man erected a drilling derrick, stuck up the sign, "Salt, oil, or China," and began work. Lately he hung out a sign above the old one, on which was painted in black letters the word "Salt." It is claimed that he has found a bed of rock-salt.

A coaching club has been organized in Boston, and there will be a parade early in the summer. The great success of Monday morning lectures in that city indicates that there is a considerable population there in the enjoyment of that degree of affluence which enables persons to be absent from home on wash-day forenoons. But from an economic point of view it is a long stride from Monday morning lectures to coaching parades.

It takes very little to startle the readers of the peerless London *Times*. A slight departure from the expected will do it. Thus the publishing of a book notice accompanied by the writer's signature has produced a considerable commotion. Readers of the *Times* have been accustomed to believe that there was some deeply underlying motive not only for all that it did, but for all that it refrained from doing. Maybe this signed book notice is the only one the owners of the paper ever wished to print with a signature.

A New Jersey man tapped some telegraph poles to obtain "sap for the coming camp-meeting to drink," as he expressed it. Watering telegraph stock has not been carried quite to the extent which would make this man's industry remunerative.

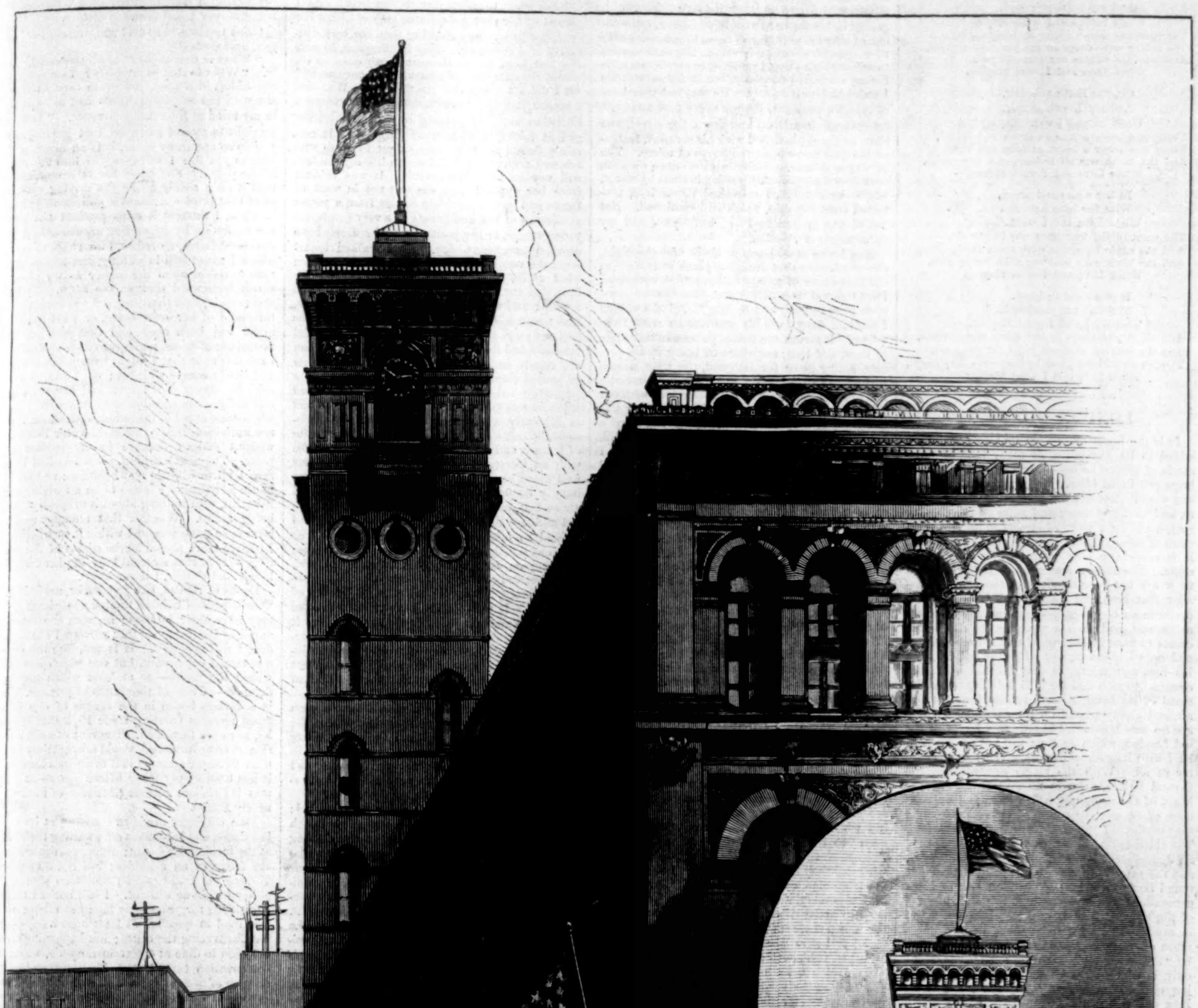
On a recent evening a drunken man made an outcry at the door of a Brooklyn theatre. The audience mistook it for an alarm of fire, and a panic was barely averted. It is not entirely clear whether the man can be convicted of a misdemeanor under the code in disturbing an audience in a theatre and endangering life; but there was no question as to the legality of punishing him for being drunk and disorderly, and he is lodged in the penitentiary for six months. In San Francisco recently a woman seated herself in an aisle at the opera-house, and threatened to yell "fire" if the police disturbed her. She was not disturbed.

SPRING SUITS.

First Anti-Reformer. "Why, hello, Jake, me boy, where's yer spring suit? Heerd yer had two. Why haven't yer got one on 'em on?"

Second Anti-Reformer. "Have. They's both on 'em on. One's up at Special Sessions; t'other's at Oyer an' Terminer."

THE NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT UTICA.—[See Page 278.]



THE NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 287.]

MAY.

Oh, the Earth was glad,
And my heart was glad,
When Love and I went Maying!
The thrushes were singing an early mass,
The robins were down in the low, sweet grass,
And over the daisies our feet did pass,
When Love and I went Maying.

Oh, the Earth was fair,
And my Love was fair,
When he and I went Maying!
There was never a face so sweet and bright,
There was never a heart so fond and light,
And the Earth was all in her green and white,
When Love and I went Maying—

In her white and green,
With the blue between,
When Love and I went Maying.
The scent of the hawthorn was in the air,
And the apple blossoms were everywhere,
And the birds were building with happy care,
When Love and I went Maying.

It was hand in hand
Through the meadow-land
That Love and I went Maying.
And oh, it was sweet in the warm spring noon,
And the evening shadows came far too soon,
Though we loitered home by the young May moon,
When Love and I went Maying.

LONDON RIDDLES.

It is the boast of London that every year are added to its population so many tens of thousands of human beings—equal to that of a very large provincial town. North and south and east and west it stretches out its gigantic feelers yearly, and sucks in more and more of the country round, adding a score of streets to its vast labyrinth of brick and mortar. But, except in extent, it is surprising how essentially it remains the same. The streets and squares that are added to it are but reproductions of the old type, except that here and there an effort is made to preserve an open space—so seemingly valueless at present, and such a priceless jewel when it comes to have its setting, when the houses crowd and crowd about it, and Ahab the builder licks his lips and cries, "O that I could take that common garden and let it in building leases, instead of its being a mere vehicle for light and air, and a play-ground for the children." There are no new Londons, but only new layers of the old London, which in time will eat up old England with its encroachments, and leave no country at all. With the single exception of the Crystal Palace, there is no locality outside the heart of the great city which has any independence of its own, or power of attraction to rival that of the old places which remain unchanged. The Haymarket is still the haunt of profligates, St. James's Street and Pall Mall of politicians, and the same old dingy squares and streets that found favor with the fashionable world of three generations ago still continue to do so, in spite of the seductions of Belgravia. I have a street in my mind now not more dingy than it was a score of years back, and still inhabited as then by "the upper ten"—or rather the upper five—only, in which occurred one of the most surprising circumstances that ever took place in my long experience of London life. I have told it to many persons, to so many that in these days, when fact is so instantaneously converted into fiction, it is curious that it has not found its way into print. It happened when I was a very young man, and when, in unconscious imitation of the great master of every-day romance, I loved to wander by night through the thick-peopled town, and mark what was strange or humorous or pathetic, and speculate upon the motives that led men so to act. The street in question, though itself very quiet and secluded, was neighbor to a great thoroughfare, out of which I had stepped hastily to avoid a sudden shower, and taken refuge under an aristocratic portico. It was summer-time, but long past midnight, and none but policemen and a few hurrying passengers were abroad. Even these last, as the rain continued, seemed to melt away, and presently I was left in Durden Place (as I will call it) entirely alone. The house under the porch of which I had taken shelter was, like the rest of its neighbors, dark and silent, the inmates, however fashionable, having evidently retired to rest; but at the far end of the street, which was but a short one, was a mansion brilliantly illuminated, and from the open windows of its drawing-room came a flood of melody. They were bay-windows, and the curtains having been looped up, I suppose on account of the intense heat, it was easy to see such of the company as came within the bay.

In comparison with the thoroughfare I had just quitted, the street was dark, and was made more so in the part where I was standing by the effulgence from the house in question; but presently, as my eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom, I perceived that I was not the only person who had obtained for himself a shelter similar to my own. On the opposite side of the way there cowered under a corresponding portico one of the most repulsive and wretched-looking creatures that even London, so prolific in such monstrous births, had yet shown to me. He was in rags, and wore a pair of slippers more fit for indoors than for the pavement in the best of weather, and burst at the sides and showing his unstockinged feet. His age might have been anything between twenty and forty; whether nature had denied him a beard, or he had shaved it off, I could not discern, but his cheeks and chin were smooth, and yet the look of youth which that circumstance generally confers was negatived by his hollow eyes and sunken features. He seemed to be in abject want. I could not help contrasting his miserable appearance with that of the gorgeously clad men and women who showed themselves occasionally in the ball-room; and the same idea seemed to possess his own mind, as he stared in that direction with an intensity that more than anything else about him attracted my attention. There is poor Lazarus, thought I, gazing in his rags at Dives in fine linen, and wondering why the gulf should be so broad that keeps them asunder even in this world. His need seemed to me so urgent that I resolved to give him a trifle before we parted company, but in the mean time I watched him narrowly. He was not conscious of my own presence, though every now and then he glanced keenly up and down the street, and then, as though satisfied with his scrutiny, fastened his gaze anew upon the house of mirth. The carriages that are usually in attendance on such occasions were probably waiting in some by-street, while the coachmen refreshed themselves, protected from the rain, which still continued. Not a soul was in Durden Place but myself and my unfortunate companion.

Had he no other home or shelter for the night, thought I, save that draughty porch of stone, and did that scene of gayety and splendor cast some faint reflex of its geniality upon him, that he gazed upon it so intently and so long? All of a sudden I saw him shoot from his post like an arrow from a bow. It struck me that a policeman had come in view, and that, conscious of being in his present hiding-place for no good, the poor wretch had taken to his heels. But quite another cause had actuated him. At the bay-window, with her back to it and her face to the dancers (for it was dance music that was now being played), stood a lady with her hand resting on the window-sill, and in her hand a bouquet in a gilt holder. I can see the fair flowers now, red and blue and white, as the bright light showed them to me; and now something fairer than the flowers—a sweet girl's face, a profusion of fair hair, and an anxious smile. She had turned round suddenly, leaned out of window, and dropped the bouquet into the beggar's stretched-out palms. He had looked up at her, nodded with swift significance, and was gone, all in less time than I have taken to write it.

That, unperceived by me, she had given him some sign which had drawn him from his place of refuge, and that he had been watching there so patiently for it, and for it only, I had no doubt even in that moment of astonishment and speculation. He was keeping an appointment, and what had happened was clearly no matter of surprise to *him*. But who was this seeming beggarman, in whose hand that gilded bouquet-holder was as incongruous as a crossing-sweeper's besom would have been in that fair girl's? And who was *she*, that she should have dealings and evidently a common understanding with this Arab of the streets? It is one of the riddles which not only I myself have never been able to solve, but which has defied the efforts of those most keen "to track Suggestion to her inmost cell." The notion that that wretched creature should by any possibility have been her lover in disguise is, in my opinion, quite untenable. If disguise had been necessary, there could have been at least no need to make it loathsome, and, as I have said, the appearance of my unconscious companion (for I feel sure he was never aware of my presence) was abject to repulsiveness. Want, sordid want, had set its unmistakable seal upon his features, as the gas-light had shown them to me quite clearly (for though he had not wished to attract attention, it was essential to his purpose that he should be visible to eyes that were looking for him), and in particular I noticed that he wore that hunted, haggard air which is generally associated with crime as well as penury.

I have been in Durden Place a hundred times since then; I was there yesterday, and may be there to-morrow; but the only house which ever attracts my notice is that bay-windowed one of my Lord Arcanum's where the ball came off in 1851. I wonder whether any great domestic convulsion took place in that noble family about the date in question? I wonder whether any Lady Mary or Lady Beatrice formed any "undesirable" connection? I wonder whether that bouquet and its gorgeous holder was a token agreed upon between her and the Beloved Object, and if so, of what? I wonder greatly, too, why he did not employ a less disreputable messenger to convey it: she must have known him by sight at least, or she would surely have hesitated to intrust him with the costly trinket; and yet how *could* she have known him? As I see him making off at speed through the wet night, with noiseless feet, and his eyes cast behind him like a hare's, I wonder how she *could* have known him.

In that great thoroughfare which I have mentioned as being neighbor to Durden Place, and which I will call Throng Street, another riddle of life was once presented to my notice. London, the Sphinx of stone (and stucco), is always asking such enigmas of those who care to listen to her. Some of them are humorous, some pathetic, some with humor and pathos mingled; some difficult to guess, some easy; some new, and many old.

It was a winter midnight, and the snow had been falling for hours with noiseless continuity; on and on, in cold white malice, like the patient hate of a woman; the sidewalks were levelled with the street, and in the doorways on the western side the snow had been drifted by the wind in heaps. It was a Sunday, on which day there are seldom many people in the streets after nightfall, and the inclemency of the weather had emptied them almost completely. The few persons that one met went slithering by like ghosts, cloaked to the eyes, and without footfall; and neither cab nor carriage was to be seen. The shops in Throng Street are very handsome, but at such a time there was nothing to distinguish them from private houses except the vast iron shutters that protected their window fronts. On the door-step of one of the houses, which was covered by a great bank of snow, sat a young woman in deep black, with her elbows on her knees, her chin upon her hands, and her eyes staring straight before her upon the falling snow. She was handsomely but thinly clad, and yet the cold and wet did not seem to affect her in the least. As I passed by her slowly she stared on, not lifting her eyes, nor in any way showing that she was conscious of a spectator. This indifference, in case she had been one of those unhappy ones so ill-named the daughters of pleasure, was curious, and yet I did not doubt that she was one. Was *that* a reason, it may be asked, sufficient to excuse a Christian man for passing by a poor shivering girl at midnight without offering aid? It certainly should not have been so, yet to those who are well acquainted with London life my conduct will not be held inexcusable. It was evident from her apparel that she was not in want of funds, and mere benevolent advice from a young gentleman of two-and-twenty to a very handsome young woman in her position would scarcely have escaped misconstruction. As I walked homeward the weather grew worse and worse; a keen wind arose, which drove the snow against my face, and the frozen flakes seemed to cut it like a whip; and when I let myself into my lodgings, and found a brisk fire burning and my supper laid out upon the table, I blessed my thoughtful landlady, and thawed and glowed, and fell to upon the viands, and especially on a certain decoction of mulled claret (which was her specialty), in a way that only Dickens could have described when *he* was young. For have you not observed in his early works how he glorifies, in a wholesome, honest way, the satisfaction of the appetite of hunger, and invests the feasts of his favorites with an interest that not even a man who has well dined can fail to feel? But though I was hungry enough, that was not the reason why I ate so fast, and though I had been cold enough out-of-doors, that was not the reason why I had walked so fast, but simply to occupy myself as much as possible, and prevent my thoughts from dwelling on that unhappy girl that I had seen shivering and staring on the snow-covered threshold in Throng Street. I could not get her out of my mind. It was not her beauty that attracted me, though she was exceedingly well-looking; it was the attraction of repulsion rather, the remembrance of that stony stare and resolute indifference to the cruel cold, which, if she did not feel, it could have been only that she was cloaked from head to heel in bitterness and woe.

It was so strange that she should have chosen the west side of the street, against which the wind was setting, rather than the other, where she could have rested her weary limbs at least in partial shelter. Was it possible, I thought, as I heard the soft snow huddling against the window-frame, that she could be sitting there *now?*

In London one is apt to grow hard-hearted: there is so much systematic deception, so much really callous vice, and so many ways of using benevolence itself as a weapon against him who would exercise it, that we are apt to smother our good instincts lest they should lead us into ridicule or worse; but at two-and-twenty one's conscience is as tender as one's appetite is robust. Suppose she *was* sitting there now—the idea of a delicate woman remaining in so grievous a position for the want of a few shillings (for she *might* be without money, after all) became absolutely insupportable. I pulled on my great-coat, stuck a large cigar in my mouth, and once more sallied out into the snow. It was now about half past one, and the weather was worse than ever: a cab was laboring slowly by, and I hailed it and got in. How cold and damp and wretched it was! It takes three people half an hour to *warm* a London cab, they say, in winter; but I don't think half a dozen (taking the matter as a "double rule of three") could have warmed this one in an hour. Its ordinary name of "crawler" was too speedy for it; it wound its way through the snow at a snail's pace, and took twice the time in going to Throng Street that I had taken to walk home from it. I got out at the corner, telling the man to wait.

"Oh yes," grumbled he, "that's a very old trick. How do I know as you'll ever come back again?"

It was a prudent and natural remark to make on the part of cabby, but somehow it set me against the object of my charitable expedition. Perhaps it was "an old trick" to sit on a heap of snow on the windy side of the street and extract half-crowns from impulsive passengers. Perhaps she did it every Sunday night throughout the winter, and fortified her system against the cold by quarterns of gin. She had probably already found some greater fool even than myself, and was enjoying her supper at his expense. The next instant my conscience smote me, for there was the poor creature sitting on the same door-step exactly as I had seen her before, except that her head was sunk in her hands; and her whole attitude, from one of bitter recklessness, had become one of blank despair. As I drew near, and she did not stir, even a more terrible idea took possession of me: what if she had fled from bitterness and despair to the refuge of *death!* What if, while I had been eating and drinking, this unhappy girl had perished for the want of a bit of bread or a gleam of firelight? I was not what tea parties call "a religious young man," yet certain words, which all the political economists in the world will never drive out of men's ears, seemed to ring in mine with menacing emphasis: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink." It seemed to me that through my culpable negligence a fellow-creature had lost a life, which would one day be laid to my charge.

However, as I stooped over her, I thought she moved a little, and I touched her arm, at the same time muttering a few words of pity. He alone who has seen a dead creature galvanized can picture to himself the effect of that touch and tone. The sodden and almost shapeless mass of humanity, drenched by the snow and chilled by the wind, awoke at once to life and energy. She leaped to her feet, and throwing the damp hair to the right and left which overhung her beautiful face, inquired what I wanted with her, and how I had dared to disturb her.

"But you looked so cold and wretched—" I began, apologetically.

"What is that to *you?*" she interrupted, fiercely. "What is that to anybody? I am not mad," she added, in a more moderate tone, as though she read the suspicion which had at once risen in my mind at the strange manner. "You have no right to molest me upon that ground, and if you do so upon any other, it is an insult, and as sure as you live I will give you into the charge of the police." She raised her voice once more so that it rang shrilly above the driving wind, and as at that precise moment a policeman appeared in sight, I thought it most prudent not to test her resolution by attempting argument. A good deal crest-fallen, therefore, I went back to my cab, which I found still in waiting, and had plenty of time to reflect upon the matter as we ploughed slowly homeward through the snow. My belief was (and is) that that poor girl was sitting on the threshold of her own home, or what until that night had been such, and that she had been turned out-of-doors, perhaps by her own father. I have no doubt that I might have adopted a wiser and better course with her; but I was, as I have said, but a very young man, and her vehemence and indignation appalled me; moreover, I had a wholesome dread of the police, with whom I could not have come into collision, however innocently, without serious damage to my modest prospects. The next morning, when I visited Throng Street, all was bustle and business; as usual the house in question I found to be a thriving establishment, with nothing about it to speak of aught being amiss. Whether that unhappy girl had been once more received within it, or whether (as I believe more probable) the eddies of the sullen river were at that moment hurrying her frail body hither and thither, I never knew.

Books of riddles, like jest books, are held to be wearisome and tedious, though a specimen or two may have their interest; so, with one more example of the mysteries that surround life in London, I will conclude. It is not, like the others, a personal experience, but one which has fallen within the notice—or at least which may have done so—of tens of thousands of persons. There is a certain house in the centre of one of the finest terraces fronting Hyde Park that is never let, nor even furnished. The rent of such a mansion, even unfurnished, would not certainly be less than £500 per annum; and to my own knowledge it has been empty these fifteen years—at a loss, that is (without counting interest of money), of nearly £8000.

Fine carriages are seen standing at its neighbor doors, and led-horses are awaiting their riders at the fashionable hours; dinner parties and balls are frequent on all sides; but No. 50 Skeleton Terrace (as I will call it) shows no sign of life either within or without. I had noticed this circumstance for years—my business taking me by this road in question at least once a day—without discovering the cause; but happening on one occasion to dine at a certain lawyer's, where the conversation turned upon Chancery, and on the number of unoccupied and ruinous-looking houses for which London was indebted to the proceedings (or non-proceedings) of that high court, I mentioned No. 50 Skeleton Terrace as a possible example. "Not," said I, "that it is ruinous-looking, for it is always quite spick and span, but because it never has a tenant. What can be the reason of it?"

"Why, don't you know?" cried half a dozen people together. "That is the famous house *with a coffin at the top of it.*"

If so many had not spoken at once, I should have thought that this was said in joke; but their unanimity staggered me.

"What!" said my host, "is it possible that you have lived three years in London, and passed by that terrace a thousand times, as you needs must, and not have seen the coffin on the roof?"

"Well," said I, "now you mention it, I *have* seen a great case of glass like an immense cucumber frame, on which the sun is always glinting, and a sort of stone sarcophagus inside it; but I had no idea it was a coffin."

"It *is* a coffin, nevertheless," said the lawyer. "Everybody who knows town has heard of the house that is never let in Skeleton Terrace, though why it is so is still one of the London riddles. There is the coffin, and there is the empty house. Come, young gentleman, why don't you write us a story upon it?"

"I would much rather hear the real story," said I, "if anybody knows it."

But nobody did know it, though everybody had heard something about it. The general impression appeared to be that some very wealthy and capricious person had once lived at No. 50, who had provided by will for his interment in some spot where the sun, whenever it was shining, *should always shine upon his grave;* and certainly, by aid of the cucumber frame, it would seem that he had accomplished his purpose.

"But why isn't the house let?" inquired I. "There are surely plenty of people who are not so frightened at having a dead body on the roof of their house but that they would be glad to live in such a splendid mansion, paying half-price for it, say, on account of that disagreeable circumstance."

"That is true," said a fellow-guest. "I would give three hundred a year for the house myself, and think myself lucky to get it. Even if the ghost 'walks,' I shouldn't mind its taking exercise on the roof."

"As I heard the story," said another, "it was made a proviso in the will that the house should be used for the purpose of a burial-place for the testator, and for no other."

"Such a will would not hold good in law," ob-

served our host. "The house may be kept empty out of deference to the wishes of the deceased, but he could have had no legal power to enforce them."

At all events there is the house unlet to this hour, and there is the coffin, or what looks like it, upon the roof, its glass cover twinkling in the sun. I saw it this very morning as I drove by in the well-known hansom cab that has something queer upon its roof, namely, a tame fox sitting by the driver. The hand-books may talk of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but I find nothing interests my country cousins when they come up to town for the first time "to see the sights" as that open-air exhibition at No. 50 Skeleton Terrace. It is perhaps the most difficult to guess of all London riddles.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

The elephants used for tiger-shooting in India are generally lent by the government, an official document being at the same time handed to the borrower, in which the height, names, supposed age, and prices of the animals are duly stated, for, in the event of a casualty, the loss must be made good. More than £100 is rarely demanded for a government elephant, although it is very often worth much more, the tariff being based on the expenses incurred by its capture and training. Of course it is very important, before making a selection, to obtain some knowledge of the characters and antecedents of the elephants in the Commissariat Yard, and if you intend to be your own driver you must also contrive to be on good terms with the one you choose for your personal use. Elephantine perfection is represented by a gentle and steady female that will stand quite still while the tiger is roaring and charging in all directions; but as the females generally become wild with terror after having experienced one mauling, and, far from remaining tranquil, make the best of their way from the scene of action when they find themselves in danger, it is safer to take cross old tuskers.

A huntsman who had a passion for tiger-shooting chose a handsome elephant nearly ten feet high, which had only killed two people during a long career, and that while incautiously approached during an attack of fever, and which bore a high character for gentleness as well as courage. Though ready to obey orders, Roghanath had a strong objection to being made to kneel, so the hunter, having but little time to spare for making friends, thought it well "to pass a vote of confidence at once," and after feeding him with bread and sugar, proceeded to mount in orthodox style, namely, by stepping on his tusks when the elephant lowered himself by advancing his front legs, and then allowing himself to be transferred by a toss of the head to his place behind his ears. This done, his new master set out for his first ride, which he describes as follows:

"The native man, from want of thought, keeps up a constant drumming on the beast's head with the goad, or 'ankus'; I therefore hoped not to use it at all. Such an improvement all at once, however, proved more than even the elephantine mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than mine, till at last he marched straight into an immense forest tree of the banyan species, and commenced to browse. He seized the boughs above his head, and tugging violently at them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus, and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once bundled off by the road he knew I wanted him to go. He merely took with him a branch about the size of a small apple-tree to discuss as he went along. From this moment we were friends, and I do not think I ever had to use the hook again so as to bring blood; generally it was sufficient to tap him with my fingers to get him to do what I wanted."

If the male elephant stands one mauling, he becomes fierce, and will charge into any cover where he supposes the tiger to be, displaying on some occasions a mistaken zeal, which has been known to produce fatal results, for which reason tuskers are, as a rule, not much appreciated. Our huntsman, however, gave the preference to a good fighter, and seldom had reason to repent of his choice, though on one occasion he had a very near escape. Having got into rather a slender tree, without the elephant being aware of it, the latter, taking him probably for a monkey, charged furiously, and seizing the sapling with his trunk, bent it two or three times to the ground, but fortunately without breaking the stem. Had he succeeded in doing so, he would in his blind rage have probably trampled his master to death, though when at length the mahout succeeded in backing him, and the author dropped to the ground and called him by name, "Muarak Guj," he extended his trunk in the most friendly manner and hoisted him on to his head.

A much more terrible danger was incurred by him with this same elephant when, a tigress having sprung on to his head, Muarak, by a mighty shake, hurled his enemy and his rider into the air together, the latter being deposited unhurt in a nest of soft grass, which happily concealed him from the tigress, and out of which in fear and trembling he managed to make his way toward the approaching line of elephants, regaining his seat upon the head of Muarak Guj. A second time the tigress made a similar spring, but this time the rider believes that Muarak prevented the muscles of his neck from moving, so that the rider might not be unseated when he flung from him his assailant, the already wounded tigress being finally mastered by one of the female elephants, which fairly sat down upon her, and nearly smothered her in the mud.

Though Mr. Barras believes that there is no limit to the sagacity and power of these creatures, which he ranks next to man in the animal kingdom, and though he deprecates the treatment they receive at the hands of the natives, he on one occasion so far forgot his own principles as to tease the elephant he was riding by imitating the roar of a tiger. He, however, very nearly met with his death from the enraged animal, which never afterward forgot the insult. Elephants seem to be perfectly able to distinguish between those who hurt them out of malice and those who do so for their good; thus even a dangerous one submitted with perfect patience to have her wounds dressed with brandy and salt, although the remedy is excessively painful. One of the female elephants, Mânut Dâr, gave a wonderful example of gentleness and intelligence when, instead of revenging herself on the mahout who had used the goad with great severity when she was making her escape from a tiger, she simply took it out of his hand with her trunk at the first opportunity, and threw it over the wall of the courtyard into which she had retreated for shelter.

A MISSION TO ALASKA.

The Rev. Adolphus Hartmann was born in Surinam, South America, where his parents were laboring as missionaries of the Moravian Church. His mother was a heroine in its annals. After the death of her husband, which occurred in the Bushland, a pestilential region adjoining Surinam, and inhabited by the descendants of fugitive slaves, she continued for eleven years to instruct the negroes, and during that whole period was the only white person in their country. Following the example of his parents, Mr. Hartmann devoted himself to missionary work. He labored among the natives of Australia, and at the present time has charge of an enterprise on a Delaware Indian reservation in Canada. From this field he has been called to undertake an important exploration, in which Mr. William Weinland, a recent graduate of the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is associated with him.

The western coast of Alaska is inhabited by about fifteen thousand Innuits, or Esquimaux, who are living in gross heathenism. They have been utterly neglected both by the government and the Christian Churches of the United States. Nothing has been done to civilize them, and no Protestant missionary has brought them the Gospel. The only attempts to ameliorate their condition were undertaken by the Greek Church when Alaska was a Russian territory. Two or three Greek priests are still lingering among them.

These natives Messrs. Hartmann and Weinland have been commissioned to visit. By permission of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, they expect to sail in the United States revenue steamer *Corwin*, which will leave San Francisco in the beginning of May, to Oonalaska, on the Aleutian Islands, and thence to Nushegak, or Fort Alexander, at the head of Bristol Bay. In case the revenue steamer should not touch at that point, they will endeavor to reach it in a trading vessel, and then spend the summer in exploring the country westward along the coast and the rivers. They will visit as many villages as possible, proclaim the Gospel, and prepare the way for a permanent mission, which is to be established next year. An effort will be made to associate with this permanent work a Moravian missionary from Labrador qualified to preach in the language of the Esquimaux.

The Moravian Church has prosperous missions in Labrador and Greenland, among the Indians of North America, on the Mosquito Coast, in Surinam, on eight islands of the West Indies, in South Africa, in Australia, and Central Asia. More than three hundred European and American missionaries are in the field, besides many native assistants, and the number of converts amounts to about eighty thousand.

In addition to their missionary explorations, Messrs. Hartmann and Weinland are instructed to gather such information with regard to western Alaska and its natives as will be useful to the United States government. They expect to return in the autumn.

THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

The building now opened to the uses of the New York Produce Exchange is one of the largest structures in New York. With the exception of the Metropolitan Opera-house, it is perhaps the very largest building of similar architectural pretensions, since the enormous shed of the Grand Central Station scarcely counts as a building, and certainly does not count as a work of architecture. The apparent magnitude of the Produce Exchange is enhanced by its treatment, so that it may be said there is no façade in New York which gives so effectively the impression of great length as the Broadway front of the new building. The whole architectural stress, one may say, is put upon the development of the length of this front. There are no vertical lines running through from basement to cornice. The only accent that is given anywhere to perpendicular lines is in the re-enforcement of the angles by pilasters, one running through the main division of the building next above the basement, which contains the Exchange Room, and one through the division just above it, which contains two or more stories of offices, although its openings are undivided, and architecturally it counts as one story, only less important than the great story underneath. About one-third of this latter story is subdivided into four stories internally, although the external openings are the same as those which illuminate the adjoining Exchange—a hall over forty feet in height. On the other hand, every technical expedient is called into requisition to multiply and emphasize the horizontal lines. A strong cornice runs through the building from end to end above the basement; another, still stronger, with a broad frieze, above the main story; while the main cornice is of unusual projection. There are four stories of offices above the Exchange Room, two of them united architecturally, as has been explained, and as the illustration shows; while another, lighted from a series of square openings, is treated as an appendage of the cornice, and the fourth is visible only at some distance as an arcade above the roof. All these continue along the whole front, and indeed about the whole building without interruption, and thus enforce the impression of great length given by the multiplied lines of moulding.

This disposition has been so effectual in emphasizing the length and dissembling the height of the building that the architect has actually succeeded in making a nine-story building look rather low than tall. Such a mode of treatment, with absolute symmetry of spacing and uniformity of openings in each tier, is adapted to secure repose. Its danger, which has not here been escaped, is that the repose may become monotony, although between the extremes of monotony and restlessness no considerate architect could fail to choose the former.

The most successful feature of the building externally is without doubt the great hall, which seems to occupy the whole of the main division, although in fact it occupies only about three-fourths of its area. The spacing, the proportions, and the detail of the openings, with the great length of which the designer has made the very utmost, combine to make the aspect of this arcade extremely impressive. The spandrels of its arches are filled with symbolic ornaments in terra-cotta. The only other specimens of what Mr. Fergusson would call "phonetic" decoration are the frieze that divides this story from that above it, and the prows of triremes that protrude from the angles under the cornice. In the frieze a conventional decoration is interrupted at fixed intervals by sculptured representations, not in relief, but completely detached, of the various animals dealt in on the exchange. Besides these there is a wealth of strictly architectural decoration, consisting chiefly of familiar Greek mouldings, varied, however, by novelties of arrangement and form.

The only exclusively monumental feature of the new Exchange is the great tower which stands at the rear of the building, and is withdrawn from its southeastern angle. This is a square and solid shaft sparingly pierced with deep openings, and terminating architecturally in a machicolated cornice carrying a balustrade, although, apparently for some practical purpose, a small structure of metal has been erected at the centre. Access is gained to the eastern front of the building by a tunnel vault, in brick-work, through the base of the tower, and upon this eastern front a plaza is now in course of construction, so that the most imposing approach to the building will be at the rear, from the point selected for illustration. The entrances in the other fronts are unpretending, being porticoes of slight projection, and no higher than the basement, executed in modest gray granite, as are the archways which they frame, in contrast with the strong and uniform red of the brick and terra-cotta. Shafts of this same granite decorate the jambs of the arch near the top of the tower, and these members furnish the only relief to the prevalent crimson.

The interior of the building is simply treated, with wainscotings, however, of polished wood. The surface of the walls and ceiling is of plain plaster, which will afford ample fields for future decoration where the light suffices, as it does everywhere in the great hall of the Exchange. This apartment is divided longitudinally into five bays, and laterally into a central and two side compartments, by the great columns that carry the walls of the interior court. These are incased in plaster, and connected by apparent arches of considerable span and small rise. The central division is roofed with an enormous skylight pierced with sunken panels filled with stained glass, and raised upon frames, the windows of which may be opened for ventilation. An elaborate gallery in polished wood at the north end of the room will enable visitors to survey the room and the animated scene which its floor will hereafter present. The elevators are expected to be chiefly used for access to the Exchange, as well as to the upper floors, and the stairways are therefore less important than they would otherwise be. All the arrangements promise to secure the convenience and comfort of the members of the Exchange.

ULSTER SUPERSTITIONS.

The belief in luck is deep and strong, and the happy possessor of good luck is always on the watch not to lose it, for nothing is easier than, unconsciously, to make over to some one else the benefits of it. The luck of a whole household may be lost by a careless housewife who lends anything on Monday morning. Some mothers even refuse their married children a turf to light the fire with on the first morning of the week, and carefully place a new turf on the fire for each lighted one lent on other days. To give away milk without first putting in it a pinch of salt is fatal to the prosperity of a dairy, and to part with a homeless dog or any animal that has sought protection also gives away luck. One odd belief is that though some people are unfortunate in all their own concerns, they have the power of benefiting every one they come in contact with; they are described as "sonsy"—the pig that is fattened in order to pay the rent due to them always prospers, the wages paid by them go far, their slightest gift is valuable, whilst those of a grudger only bring disaster; and there is something Eastern in the importance attached to gifts and their givers in this way. The peasantry can at once recognize any one with the priceless blessing of luck by an open and cheerful expression, and in fact a good heart goes with good luck.

It is common for one person to put spells on another, and to influence those at a great distance; thus, if any of the friends or children be travelling on Friday, the Irish mother does not brush or comb her hair on that day, or else they would surely wander and lose their way. Some people do not wash on Friday as a cure for toothache, and many wear little folded bits of paper sewn in their clothes as charms against the same affliction. There are charms and spells for other illnesses, and half the old women wear blessed rings of brass to preserve them from rheumatism.

Innumerable are the means employed by young girls to pierce the darkness of their future as to marriage, but no efforts toward meeting their fate appear to be made by men. It ought to be remarked that pious people speak very sternly against these rites, as many of them—such as the one where girls throw a ball of wool down an old quarry, and wait till it is held in the darkness—distinctly raise the Evil One.

SPRING-TIME.

Now rouse ye, rouse ye, Mother Earth,
And smile for us again;
Too long you've worn a cold, grim face
'Neath Winter's chilling reign.
Lo! he has closed his eyes, and sleeps;
Break loose his chains at last:
Your smile should melt each icy link
Which held your treasures fast.

The primrose and the violet sweet,
Ere yet they lift their heads,
Await the sunbeam's warmest kiss
To woo them from their beds.
Give out the word, send messengers
Your whole dominion o'er,
To rouse the sleeping things of earth
To life and joy once more.

Deck now the trees in tender green
To woo the wee birds home;
Set loose the mountain rivulets,
With all their dash and foam;
For see, the skies have lost their clouds,
Shines forth the tender blue,
Whence peep the merry sunbeams bright,
With Spring's sweet promise true.

DR. WILLARD PARKER.

Four months of the late Dr. Parker's life counted in the eighteenth century; he was born at Lyndeborough, New Hampshire, on the 2d of September, 1800. Not many of our professional or scientific men remain whose lives antedate this time; few, if any, have equalled, for instance, the years of the eminent Parisian, still surviving, who was born two years before Byron and ten years before Keats, and who, at the age of ninety-eight, is still busily pursuing his beloved science at the Institute of France—I mean the chemist M. Chevreul. Long may he live! But such longevity is almost unheard of among our own professional and scientific men. Dr. Parker, at eighty-four years, was the *dean*, as the French would say, of New York, if not of American, surgeons.

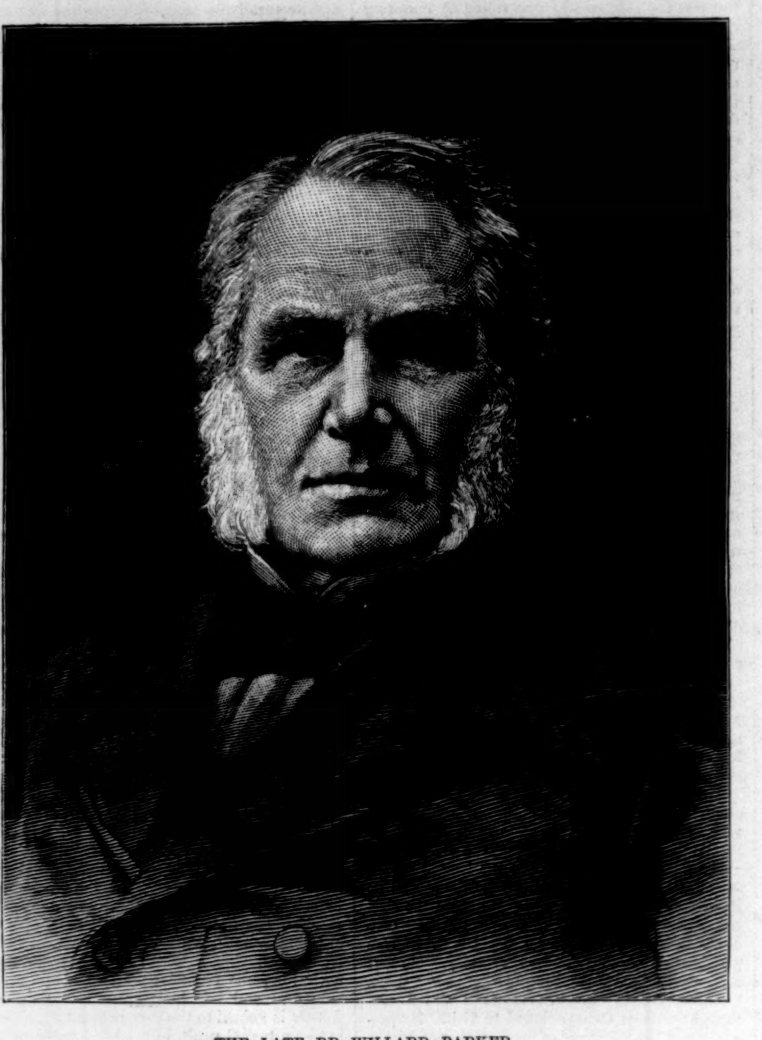
He was the eldest son of a New England farmer, and of a family that came to number five sons and two daughters. It was typical New England stock from which Willard Parker sprang—typical both in descent, in character, and in training. Before he was five years old his parents returned to the homestead at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, which had been held by the family since the year 1652, and there he began the education which has been the most frequent birthright of New England lads, that of alternating school and farm work. In summer the sturdy boy worked on his father's farm; in winter he attended the village school in Chelmsford. Later, he taught the school, and saved up money for his college course. It was a long task; he was twenty-three years old before he entered Harvard College, joining the class of 1826. A detail of this time is interesting: his mother gave him his bed-linen, but he had to provide the bedstead; this he bought at a Boston shop for $2 50, as he notes in his manuscript recollections, and "toted" it out to the college himself in order to save the carriage, adding that "it was confoundedly heavy." The incident shows both the energy and the complete freedom from false pride which were life-long characteristics of Dr. Parker. His economies had provided him with the means for a college course, then a much less expensive thing than now. Board was then (in 1822, when Dr. Parker entered college) only $1 75 per week—a price, by-the-way, at which in any of the New England college towns a student could get fairly good board (excepting only the somewhat undue predominance of pies in the rations) down to the time of the civil war. Two thousand dollars a year is now, I believe, not too much for a student who pins his faith on Harvard.

Young Parker chose his college with some idea of studying, later, for the ministry. But for him it was not so written, and early in his course an incident occurred which directed him to his future profession. His chum fell ill one day; he was worse the next, and seriously worse; by night his life was clearly in imminent danger. The cause of the illness was obscure. Professor John C. Warren was summoned at the eleventh hour. He saw at once that he had a serious case of strangulated hernia to deal with. He decided upon the operation by *taxis*, and performed it at once. This is not an operation of the kind that is termed "brilliant," but was better than brilliant; it saved the patient's life, a thing which, unhappily, not all "brilliant" operations do. How many a sufferer have I seen borne away after a "brilliant" operation to die in a hospital ward! I do not mean that this is an every-day abuse.

It is not; but there are surgeons who will take undue risks with their patients, and there are surgeons who refuse to do it. Dr. PARKER would never take risks unless for the patient's sake. His life-long teaching and practice was this: *Save the patient:* let us have no "brilliant operations" unless they are necessary for this purpose. Dr. WARREN's operation was a successful one; and it profoundly impressed the young college student, who had lent his yet untrained aid to the operator. For each of the chums it was a critical moment. One it gave back to life; the other it gave to his profession. From that moment young PARKER chose surgery as the work of his life.

His college course passed without very noticeable incident, except that he lost six months of his junior year by illness. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, was one of his tutors. In 1826 he was graduated with a fair standing. He immediately began his medical studies, and was in due time entered at the Harvard Medical School. Professor WARREN was his medical instructor. Completing the two prescribed annual courses of lectures, he received his degree, and was appointed *interne* in the Chelsea Hospital, walking seven miles per day between that place and Boston during the winter of 1827–28. It fell to the enterprising doctor's lot to provide the college with dissecting material—a task then much more difficult, owing to public prejudice upon the subject, than it now is. Dissection was then indiscriminately opposed in much the same way, and by much the same kind of majority, as that which indiscriminately opposes, in our own day, the equally useful and not often more painful process of animal vivisection. Dr. PARKER'S experiences in the matter of this nocturnal scientific purveyorship were extremely interesting, but this is not the place to recite them. In spite of the difficulties which then attended such a commission, his manuscripts have this note: "I easily supplied myself and the colleges with subjects."

From this point onward Dr. PARKER's life becomes more and more a matter of public record. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy, and, three years later, of Surgery, in the Berkshire Medical College. He visited the Paris and London hospitals in 1836 and 1837. On his return he was urgently solicited to go to Cincinnati, but declined, choosing New York city as his home thenceforward. In 1839 he became Professor of Surgery in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; and there he established, in 1840, the first college clinique in America. The movement has since extended to all the larger cities in the country. The list of his active and honorary appointments would be too long for this place. His connection for thirty years with the Bellevue Hospital is one of the more important among many positions of high responsibility which he filled. Hundreds of physicians who, like the writer, had the good fortune to serve under him in that great school of practical surgery will always hold his skill, his generous courtesy, his deep-rooted professional uprightness, in bright remembrance.



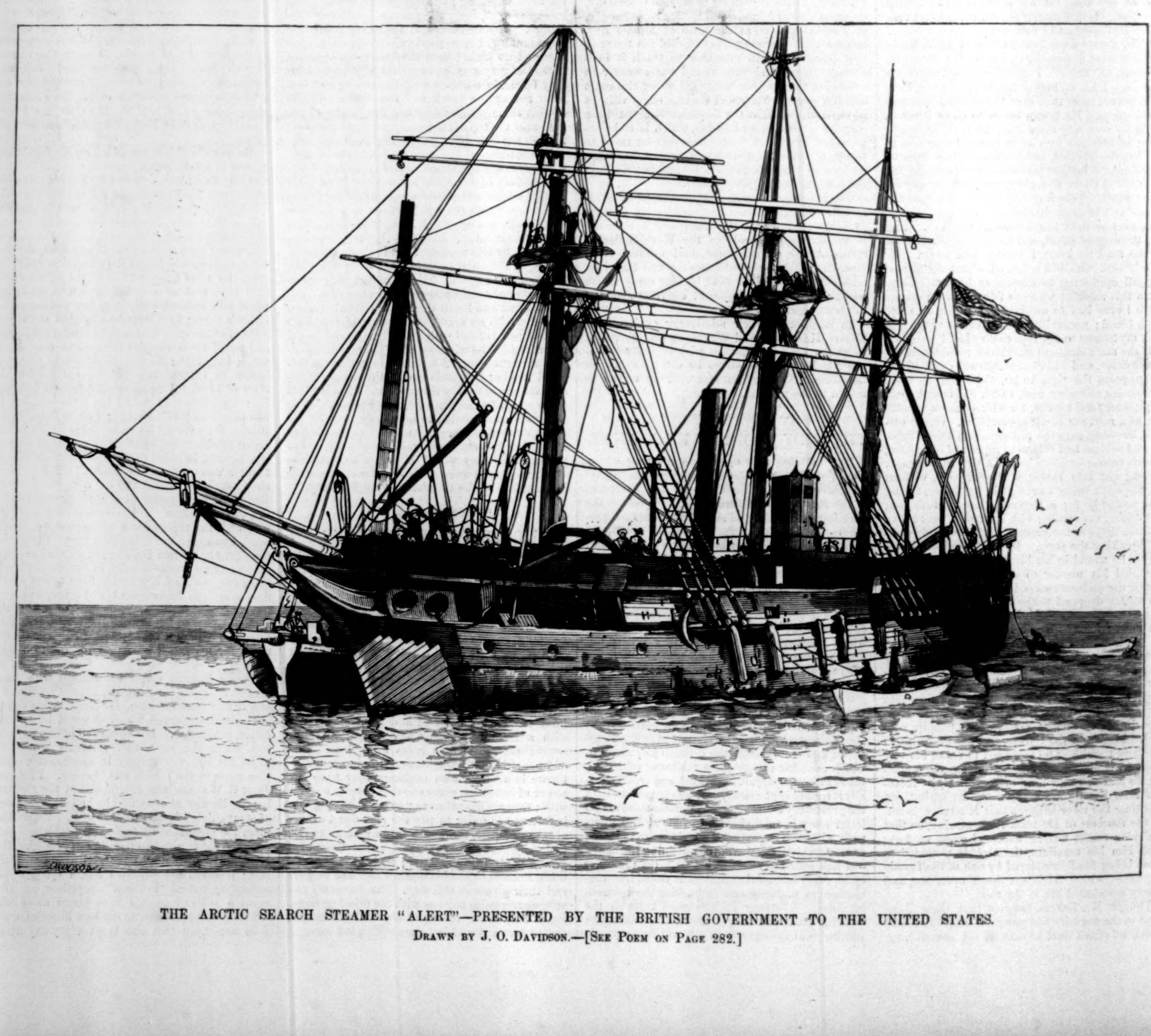
THE LATE DR. WILLARD PARKER.

Dr. PARKER's enormous practice left him little time for writing; yet his monographs and printed articles were numerous, and he has left the nearly perfected material for an important work on cancer, a subject of which he was a life-long student. I may mention here one conclusion which he has drawn from the careful observation of some five hundred cases—that cancer is not a hereditary disease. It depends, he believes, upon causes and conditions that are peculiar to the individual; and it is a disease, consequently, which can often be averted by taking the right preventive measures.

Some of the leading articles or monographs by Dr. PARKER are as follows: "On the High Operation for Stone" (New York *Journal of Medicine*, 1855); "Strangulated Hernia" (New York *Medical Times*, Vol. III.); and "The Concussion of Nerves" (New York *Medical Times*, 1856). A competent critic of this paper writes: "He was the first to call attention to the phenomena of concussion of the nerves as distinct from that of the nerve centres, formerly considered as identical with a state of inflammation." In 1854 he first described and reported cases of malignant pustule. His discovery of cystotomy for the relief of chronic cystitis, and his treatment of abscess of the *appendix vermiformis*, have given him rank among those who have advanced the surgical art.

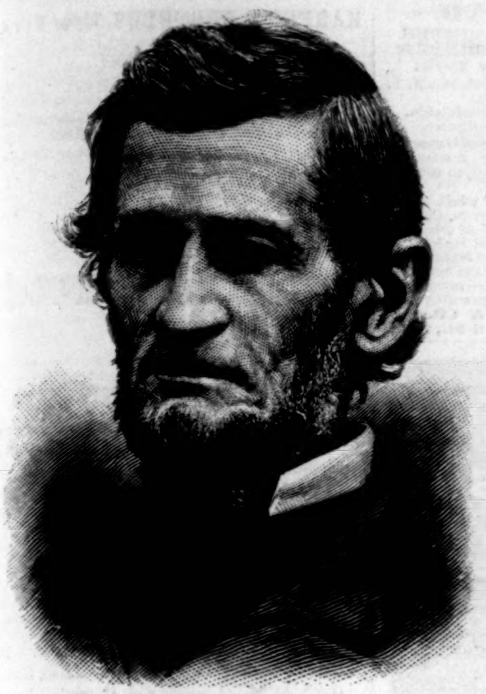
In the practice of surgery he was one of the most successful men that the country has produced, and his success was purely legitimate: it was based upon great knowledge, experience, and skill, and, as I have said, upon great honesty in deciding for his patient.

To the thousands who personally knew Dr. PARKER, nothing need be said of the frank, kindly, humorous, and hearty nature which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Probably never in this community has there been so great a surgeon who had at once so many friends and so few enemies as WILLARD PARKER. What is lauded as "character" in most people is commonly nothing more than a bundle of personal prejudices. Dr. PARKER's character meant an open and active mind, a generous heart, and a glowing energy of will that made the battle of life an enjoyable game for him. His success was the success of noble qualities.

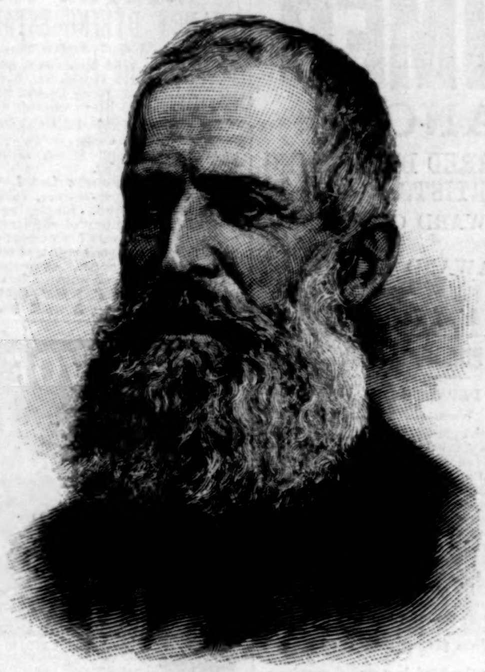


THE ARCTIC SEARCH STEAMER "ALERT"—PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO THE UNITED STATES.

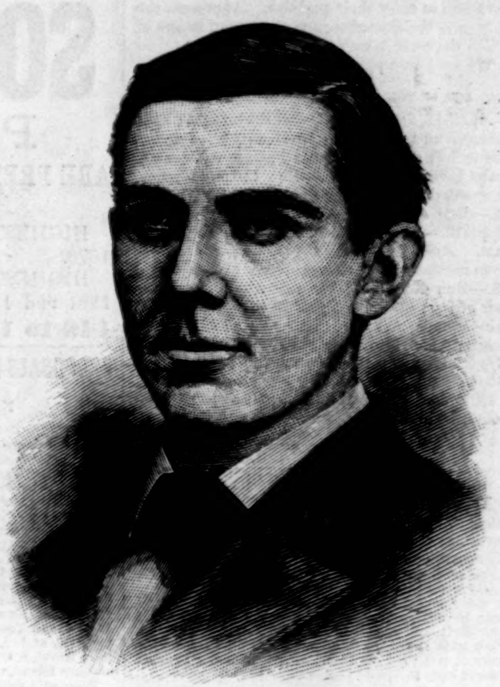
DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 282.]



THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED A. WATSON, D.D.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY YATES & ALDERMAN.



THE REV. ADOLPHUS HARTMANN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY EGGERT.—[SEE PAGE 287.]



THE REV. WILLIAM WEINLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY EGGERT.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED AUGUSTIN WATSON.

THE Rev. Dr. WATSON, who was consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of East Carolina on Thursday, April 17, in St. James's Church, Wilmington, was born in the city of New York in the year 1818. He studied law in the office of the distinguished Chancellor KENT, but soon abandoned it for the ministry. Immediately after his ordination he removed to North Carolina, where he has since resided. Until the year 1863 his field of labor was in the more eastern portion of the State, at Plymouth, Newbern, and parts adjacent. He assumed pastoral charge of the parish of St. James's, Wilmington, in the year above mentioned, where he has continued uninterruptedly until his consecration as Bishop. When the primary convention of the new diocese met at Newbern, in December, 1883, to organize, he was unanimously elected its Bishop—a magnificent compliment, seldom paid to any one, but in his case most richly deserved.

The new Bishop is recognized at home and abroad as a man of great ability and force of character, active, energetic, and untiring in the performance of duty, a sound theologian and an earnest man of God, pure in manners, humble and devout and true to his principles, to his friends and kinsfolk, and true as mortal man can be to his God. The diocese of East Carolina is fortunate in its Bishop, for he possesses executive capacities of the highest order, and he will bring to the discharge of the duties of his high office unflagging zeal and entire devotion to the Master's service. We look for a great degree of success for the new diocese of East Carolina under his able and vigorous administration.

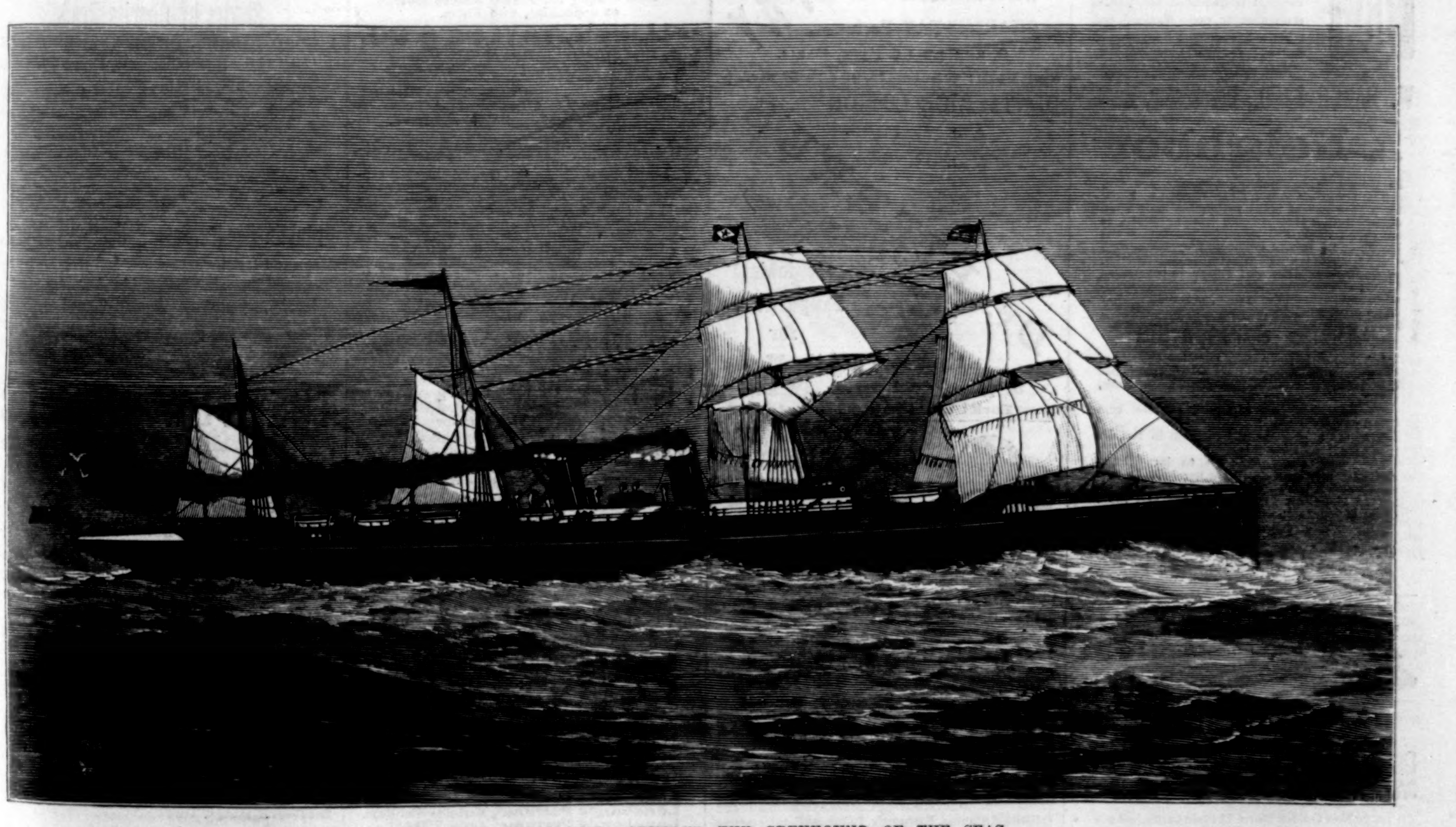
THE LATE THOMAS G. APPLETON.—PHOT. BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 297.]

THE "OREGON."

THE third voyage of the Guion steamer *Oregon* is the quickest on record. She has beaten not only the speed of the fastest vessels of all other lines, but has surpassed the performances of the *Alaska*, of the same line. The shortest time in which the latter ship has crossed the Atlantic is 6 days, 21 hours, 40 minutes. The *Oregon* made the actual trip in the wonderful time of 6 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes. The quickest time of the *Servia*, of the Cunard Line, is 7 days, 55 minutes, and of the *Britannic*, of the White Star Line, 7 days, 7 hours, 11 minutes, and of the *City of Rome*, 6 days, 20 hours.

Many of the short runs which have been credited to various steamers have been measured from Fastnet Light to Fire Island; the run of the *Oregon* is measured from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. The greatest number of miles made in any one day was 472; the least, 440.

The *Oregon* is commanded by Captain PRICE, of the Royal Naval Reserve, the Commodore of the Guion Line, a thorough seaman, whose very looks inspire confidence, and who is deservedly a favorite with his passengers. She is 520 feet long, 84 feet beam, 40 feet 9 inches depth, and measures about 7000 tons gross. Her machinery is a marvel of construction, and can, in case of need, be managed by two men, one above and one below. Her cylinders are three in number, two 104 inches in diameter, one 70 inches, with a stroke of six feet, developing 13,000 horse-power. She was built last year by JOHN ELDER & Co., the well-known builders, and, as we have said, has just completed her third voyage. It may give some idea of the speed with which she crossed the ocean if we say that if there was a straight waterway between here and San Francisco, she would beat the fastest train in the schedule. It may be well to state distinctly that there never was the slightest idea of a race between her and the Cunarder *Aurania*, or any other vessel, so that any alarm on this head by intending passengers is utterly groundless. She simply did her best without regard to what others were doing. It goes without saying that speed is now imperatively demanded by the crowd of visitors who seek the old continent on business or pleasure, and to whom time is an object of primary importance. Since the *Sirius*, in 1837, made the voyage in seventeen days, the passage has been steadily shortened, and every new steamer has been built to outstrip its predecessors; and it is not improbable that still more astonishing runs may be made, especially if made from Milford Haven to Montauk Point. The Cunard Line, tired of their policy of building for freight, have new ships of an improved model; but the *Aurania* has not yet been able to take the first place, and the new vessels now building for them and the National Line



THE GUION STEAM-SHIP "OREGON"—THE GREYHOUND OF THE SEAS.

have still to show their qualities. At present the *Oregon* is the champion, and her record is one of which the owners may justly be proud.

We subjoin a partial copy of her log:

LOG OF THE "OREGON."—THIRD VOYAGE.

April 12, 9.15 A.M.—Passed Rock Light; light breeze, and fine. *April* 13, 10.35 A.M.—Queenstown; left at noon; passed Fastnet 3.30; moderate breeze. *April* 14.—Run 440 miles; fine, clear weather; light east wind; northeast. *April* 15.—Run 460 miles; light east wind; easterly. *April* 16.—Run 455 miles; light east wind; southeast. *April* 17.—Run 470 miles; stiff breeze from northeast; saw several pieces of ice. *April* 18.—Run 469 miles; fine east winds, with intervals of fog; easterly. *April* 19.—Run 472 miles; rain squalls and fog; 1.15 P.M., took pilot on board; 4 P.M., Fire Island; 5.47, Sandy Hook bar. *April* 20.—2.15 A.M., started up and passed Sandy Hook; 3.20, Quarantine; 6.30, left Quarantine; 7.15, at dock. Actual time of passage, 6 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes.

A NEEDED CAUTION.

THERE will be inferior imitations of successful articles, and that most remarkable of all floor coverings, "LINOLEUM," is no exception. Beyond all controversy, the superiority of the American make of these goods is proven. The best English goods never reach this market, for the high quality of the American goods completely supersedes them. Only inferior grades are imported, and in use will look dirty and unsatisfactory. The Walton Trademark with the word "LINOLEUM" is on the back of every square yard of American goods, and all carpet dealers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

INTO half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.—[*Adv.*]

IN the pipe, Blackwell's Durham Long-cut Tobacco is even more luxurious than in the cigarette, for then it is a fuller smoke, its flavors are longer drawn, and its fragrances play around you like odors in a garden of lilies.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength. —[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves every dish by its addition.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
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Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

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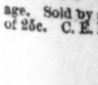
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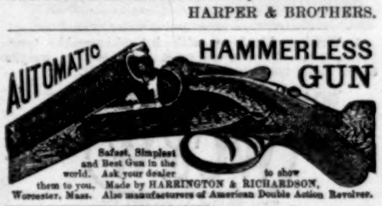

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